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THE LATEST PHASE IN ARTISTIC APPRECIATION: THE FASHIONABLE WOMAN ADMIRES THE "AESTHETIC REALISATIONS" OF NEGRO ART, AT THE GOUPIL GALLERY.

For years past, artists, amateurs, and directors of museums have taken an interest in the idols of Africa from a purely artistic point of view, but the recently opened exhibition of Negro Art at the Goupil Gallery represents the first attempt to convince the public in general that the idols, fetishes, and statuettes from Nigeria, the Congo, the Gold Coast, the Ivory Coast, and New Guinea are "aesthetic realisations which lose nothing, by their anonymity, of their intensity,

their grandeur, their genuine and simple beauty"—to quote the words of the late Guillaume Apollinaire. None will deny that the examples of antique negro art now on view at the Goupil possess a certain naïve charm, but modern Intellectuals see in them far more than this. Smart women admire their "beauty and distinction," and it is a sign of modernity to adorn one's house with gods of wood before which the "heathen in his blindness" bows down.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



WHEN a new Thackeray sits down to write "The English Humourists of the Twentieth Century," he will have to explore an avenue that the previous age would have considered the least promising in the whole range of literature. Purists, perhaps, may object that with literature it has nothing at all to do; and the purists may be right within the limits of their own private mole-hill; but that will not justify the historian in ignoring this particular contributory to the gaiety of nations. It is so characteristic a sign of the times—as appropriate, in fact, as this journal's venerable sign of St. Paul's—that it will merit at least a paragraph, and that not the dullest in the book. Great names will not appear there, for the writings in question are for the most part the work of journeymen who are not concerned with the finer technique of the pen. But technique of a kind is theirs, that which arises out of knowledge, vigour, sincerity, and a great mobility. Therefore are they technicians. There, the murder is out at last! For this spring of new humour bubbles and sparkles in writings primarily technical.

Once upon a time, treatises on mechanics held no place for the jester. They were concerned entirely with grave discussions and formidable diagrams, with sines and cosines, tangents and the strange hieroglyphic of algebraic formulæ. But here, as everywhere, the war made a difference, and gave free scope to a tendency already apparent. It was a mechanics' war, and it sent back to civil life a crowd of young experts who had learned "in the imminent deadly breach to joke with their machine and with science as lightly as they joked with Death. That was a trick Macandrew had not learned. He left such vain things to the skipper "on his way to jock wi' the saloon." The skipper met the due reward of frivolity. Was he not "scoughed" by a typhoon as he went about his giddy social pleasures, little approved by the auld Scots engineer? But the engineer of to-day, with the tang of campaigning in his blood and the racy slang of the trenches lingering on his tongue, is a creature of infinite jest, to judge by his written word. Even before 1914 this technical humourist had certain forerunners who risked their bread-and-butter for the sake of a lively pen, and came perilously near dismissal by serious-minded proprietors. Now emancipated, he has evolved a distinctive type of sly, pungent wit and pleasant humour. He is not afraid to be young. We like him the better for that. He has evolved a poetry of the air and of the road both in prose and in verse. If he speaks very much like a schoolboy still, it is the voice of a schoolboy with a man's experience. This paradox of the new age finds its freest expression in the literature of transport, aerial or earth-bound. Its exponent is a modern jester who believes, with Jack Point, that the world is a huge butt of humour into which whosoever will may drive a gimlet. He believes also in ginger, hot in the mouth.

Perhaps he is not exactly a stylist, except in so far as the style is the man (Peace, Pedant! I know quite as well as your worship that Buffon did not say "*Le style, c'est l'homme même*" in these very words), but the threadbare travesty is useful and true for all that, and our scribe mechanical is not to be omitted from literary history on that score. He is a man who has seen his chance and has used it royally. The dry bones of his subject are very dry, but he is not dry; therefore he has infused into them his own sappy personality. And the result? A modern comic Press worthy of serious men's attention. Although the main theme is grave, founded on inexorable physical laws, the treatment is light. The machine is inhuman, but our new mechanical essayist always keeps an eye on the human comedy, thereby getting over the dead-centres gaily. He is at war with the pure pedant, whom he guys without mercy as the "slide-rule" expert. But his own measurements are none

owners, with a solemn schedule granting license to use a hearse—"as passenger only." To this favour of burlesque has grandmotherly government come! Surely the time is ripe for its Aristophanes. The stage must not leave the whole duty of politico-social criticism to lively engineers. It would be fitting if from their ranks a great dramatic satirist of official foibles should arise. Long ago, the theatre and rude mechanicals found an everlasting link in Bully Bottom.

This blending of Attic salt with mechanic exercise recalls, on a side issue, a whimsical association of handicraft with polite letters. During the past week Oxford men the world over have noted with regret the passing of a humourist who was to many generations of undergraduates the British Workman *par excellence*. A later abbreviating brood called him "the Britter," a nick-name older men hardly recognised in an obituary head-line. The bearer of

that title, Mr. Herbert Jackson, was one of those eccentric figures that only a university can produce. He was legendary, even as Walter Pater was legendary, although men knew him far better by sight than the great master of fastidious prose. His extraordinary ease, amplitude and negligence of figure and costume, his utter negation of the academic in appearance, led some prehistoric wag to hail him as the archetype of British Labour, and the nickname became popular. It was the thing to point him out to freshmen as part of their initiation. His pupils, many and distinguished, held him in affectionate regard, and in the days of his activity as a private coach he was a centre of hospitality. He had the reputation of a good sportsman in his time, but later Oxford knew him best as a man somewhat retired, a constant haunter of the Union. One saw him oftenest in the Cornmarket as

he went and came to and from his daily session in the reading-room. A romantic stranger, noting Mr. Jackson in his last phase, might have been tempted to imagine him a second Anthony à Wood, secretly gathering precious materials for a new *Athenæ Oxonienses*. But that is not likely, although he must have felt the drowsy spell of the place, for he went up, as first of the non-collegiate students (irreverently called "toshers") as far back as 1869, and remained "up" ever after, holding no university office. For half a century he lingered amid the last enchantments of the Middle Ages, himself a survival, a landmark, a monument, but of what it would be difficult to say. His fame reached to the far north of these islands. Rude Caledonian youths, meditating a southern foray, heard of him long before they had seen Magdalen Tower or the High, and it was a great day when they first set eyes on Mr. Jackson in the flesh. But there was a surer proof of his celebrity—the portrait to the life that hung in Shrimpton's window. That, too, is now only a memory. Here, then, let this page of the Note-Book, devoted to-day to the humours of British Workmen, record a *Requiescat* for their eponymous hero.

J. D. S.



THE SON OF A FORMER GOVERNOR-GENERAL MARRIED IN CANADA: THE EARL OF MINTO'S WEDDING—A BRIDAL GROUP.

The wedding of the Earl of Minto (whose father was Governor-General of Canada, and, later, Viceroy of India) and Miss Marion Cook, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Cook, of Montreal, took place there on January 19. There were eight bridesmaids. Our photograph shows, from left to right (top row), Lady Rachel Cavendish, daughter of the Duke of Devonshire; Miss Sheila McEacharn; the Earl of Minto; Miss Dorothy Cook; Lady Margaret Scott. (Middle row) Hon. Marguerite Shaughnessy; Miss Audrey Cook; the Countess of Minto (the bride); Miss Sarah Cook. (Lower row) Masters Gerald and Desmond Farrell (pages), Miss Adelaide Beardmore, and Masters Charles and Mark Farrell (pages).—[Photograph by the Millar Studio, Montreal.]

the less exact and punctilious, when he has to describe some new gadget or contrivance. To be accurate, he holds, one need not be dull. If there is anything at all which he considers past a joke, perhaps because it is too colossally shambling and indeterminate, it is the Ministry of Transport.

But, if it has no efficient spear-head, the Department bristles with innumerable pegs (mostly square in round holes) on which jests may be hung. Chief of these is the machinery of motor licenses, and the rules for the proper exhibition of the same—rules so obscure that they had to be explained officially, and the explanation again explained. Yet Authority did its gallant little bit to make the Form of Application for License really light and entertaining reading. It japed genially about "conveyances for invalids not exceeding 5 cwt. in weight" (*sic*), and with crushing candour it decreed that "this Registration Book must be kept in a SAFE PLACE, not on the car." As yet we await our witty modern Athenian mechanicals' comments on these Whitehall *jeux d'esprit*, but on the general trend of Control they are sufficiently rewarding. Some of them foresee a Health Certificate for car-

A NEW LONDON INTEREST: NEGRO FETISHES AS ART TREASURES.

BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. WILLIAM MARCHANT AND CO., THE GOUPIL GALLERY; ALSO OF MR. CHARLES SHANNON, R.A. (OWNER OF NO. 12) AND MR. THOMAS LOWINSKY (OWNER OF NO. 3).



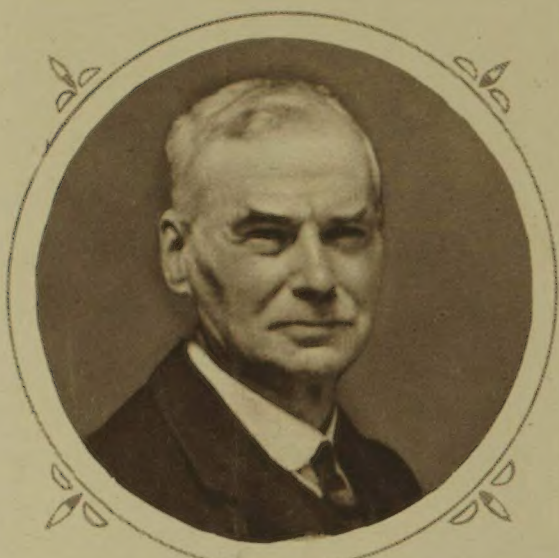
OF "DATELESS ANONYMITY," BUT BELIEVED (IN THE AFRICAN EXAMPLES) TO HAVE AFFINITIES WITH THE ART OF EGYPT: NEGRO SCULPTURE AT THE GOUPIL GALLERY.

As recorded on our front page, the Exhibition of Negro Art at the Goupil Gallery has provided the intellectual with a new subject of discussion in artistic matters. In a preface to the catalogue by the late M. Guillaume Apollinaire, it is pointed out that the artists who wrought these fetishes from Africa and Oceania are all unknown, but that (in the African specimens) there is "an indubitable relationship with the art of Egypt from which they are descended." Those illustrated above

are described as follows: (1) Idol (Ivory Coast); (2) Statuette (Ivory Coast); (3) Bronze head of a warrior (Benin); (4) Idol (Ivory Coast); (5) Idol (Ivory Coast); (6) Mask (Ivory Coast); (7) Mask (Baule Tribe); (8) Double-headed Vase (Nigeria); (9) Sacred head (Ba Huana); (10) Mask (Baule Tribe); (11) Mask (Caledonia); (12) Ritual mask (Nigeria); (13) Mask (Ivory Coast); (14) Mask (Nigeria). These works are undated as well as anonymous.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., POLISH PRESS BUREAU, TOPICAL, FARRINGTON PHOTO. CO., AND VANDYK.



WINNER OF AN AMERICAN \$1000 PRIZE FOR AN ESSAY ON EINSTEIN: MR. L. BOLTON.



RECENTLY IN FRANCE: MARSHAL PILSUDSKI, CHIEF OF THE POLISH STATE.



THE FIRST WOMAN SPEAKER OF A PARLIAMENT: MRS. RALPH SMITH, OF VANCOUVER.



"IF GERMANY IS PROSPEROUS SHE CAN PAY, AND SHE MUST PAY": MR. LLOYD GEORGE MAKING HIS SPEECH ON REPARATION IN THE TOWN HALL AT BIRMINGHAM.



APPOINTED DEPUTY MASTER OF THE KING'S HOUSEHOLD: CAPTAIN LORD CLAUD NIGEL HAMILTON, D.S.O.



A WOMAN WHO CHANGED IRISH HISTORY: THE LATE MRS. PARNELL.



APPOINTED BATH KING OF ARMS: GENERAL SIR CHARLES CARMICHAEL MONRO, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G.

Mr. L. Bolton, an examiner at the Patent Office, London, and a Wrangler of Cambridge University, has won the \$1000 prize offered by the "Scientific American," of New York, for the best essay on Professor Einstein's Theory of Relativity.—Marshal Pilsudski's visit to France has greatly strengthened the "Entente" with Poland. He reached Paris on February 3, and on the 6th visited Verdun on his way back to Warsaw.—Mrs. Mary Ellen Smith, M.P. for Vancouver in the British Columbia Parliament, has been elected Speaker, being the first woman in history to hold such a position, and the first woman to be a Canadian M.P. She is the widow of the Hon. Ralph Smith (formerly Minister

of Labour).—The Premier spoke at Birmingham on February 5 on the Allied Conference and reparations. The war Bill, he said, was scaled according to German prosperity. "If Germany is prosperous, she can pay, and she must pay."—Captain Lord Claud Nigel Hamilton is a brother of the Duke of Abercorn. He accompanied the Prince of Wales on his tour, as Equerry.—Mrs. Parnell, widow of Charles Stewart Parnell, the great Irish leader, died at Brighton on February 5. As Mrs. O'Shea, she was respondent in the famous divorce case which ruined Parnell's career.—Sir Charles Monro commanded at the Dardanelles and in France. Later he was Commander-in-Chief in India.

"ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA": A SHAKESPEAREAN REVIVAL AT OXFORD.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



"THE TRIPLE PILLAR OF THE WORLD TRANSFORMED INTO A STRUMPET'S FOOL": ANTONY (MR. C. E. RAMAGE) AND CLEOPATRA (MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT) IN THE O.U.D.S. REVIVAL AT OXFORD (ACT 1. SCENE 1).

The Oxford University Dramatic Society produced their interesting revival of Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra," at the New Theatre, Oxford, on February 8, and it was arranged to give it also on the 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th, with matinées also on each of those days except the 11th. That clever actress Miss Cathleen Nesbitt took the part of Cleopatra. Antony was played by Mr. C. E. Ramage, of Pembroke, who has personality and a fine voice. The Iras (seen

kneeling just to the left of the black attendant) was Miss Paulise de Bush, who spoke the prologue in "Ralph Roister Doister" recently at Westminster School. Next to her, to the left, is Mrs. Donald Calthrop (Miss Margaret Ledward) as Charmian. The scenery was designed by Mr. E. St. Leger Hill, of Keble. The music was arranged by Mr. A. L. B. Ashton, of Balliol, from Purcell's "Dido and Æneas."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE ROME ART SCHOLARSHIPS: EXHIBITS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

BY COURTESY OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL AT ROME.



AWARDED A SCHOLARSHIP FOR PAINTING: "THE DELUGE," BY WINIFRED M. KNIGHTS (SLADE SCHOOL).



BY A CANDIDATE IN THE PAINTING COMPETITION: "THE DELUGE," BY A. OUTLAW (SLADE SCHOOL).



A SCULPTURE EXHIBIT: "SACRIFICE," BY ALEXANDER STYLES (ROYAL ACADEMY SCHOOLS).



AN EXHIBIT IN THE SCULPTURE COMPETITION: "SACRIFICE," BY C. W. DYSON SMITH (ROYAL COLLEGE OF ART).

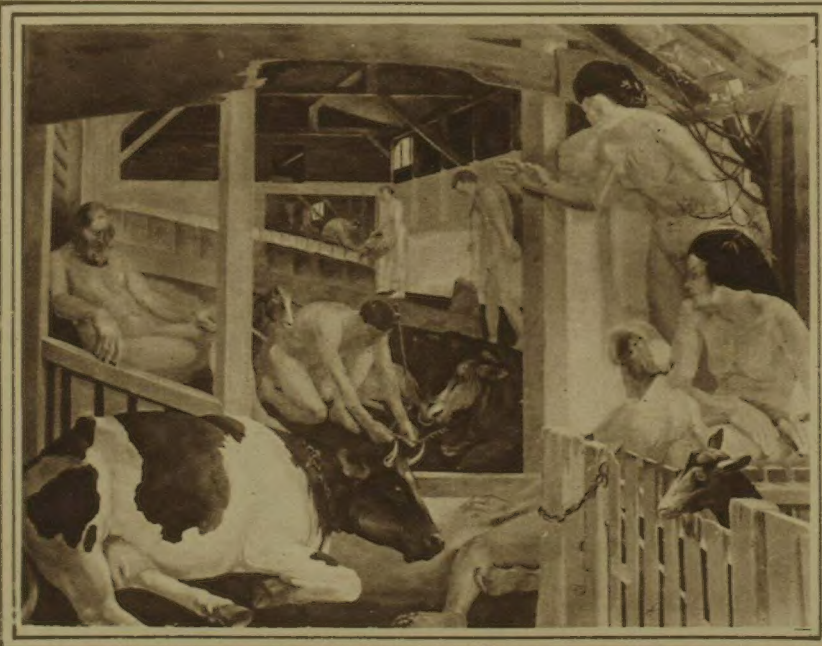
THE British School at Rome was founded in 1901 for the benefit of British students pursuing serious studies in Italy. It was reorganised and incorporated by Royal Charter in 1912. The management is in the hands of a Council and an Executive Committee, and its technical work is supervised by Faculties representing (1) Archæology, History and Letters, (2) Architecture, (3) Painting, (4) Sculpture, and (5) Engraving. The School's London address is 1, Lowther Gardens, Exhibition Road, S.W.7.



AWARDED A SCHOLARSHIP: "SACRIFICE," BY A. F. HARDIMAN (COLLEGE OF ART AND ACADEMY SCHOOLS).



AWARDED A PREMIUM IN THE PAINTING COMPETITION: "THE DELUGE," BY G. C. L. UNDERWOOD (SLADE SCHOOL).



ONE OF THE EXHIBITS IN THE PAINTING COMPETITION FOR ROME SCHOLARSHIPS: "THE DELUGE," BY J. WILKIE (SLADE SCHOOL).

The British School at Rome is now holding an interesting Exhibition in the Royal Academy Galleries, at Burlington House, of works submitted in the Open Examinations for the Rome Scholarships in architecture, sculpture, decorative painting, and engraving, and for the Henry Jarvis Studentship in architecture, together with works executed in the Final Competitions for the Rome Scholarships awarded in 1920. It is to this latter group (the 1920 competitions) that the works above illustrated belong. The subject for painting was "The Deluge"—in oil or

tempera, together with a cartoon, and the time allowed was eight weeks. The winner of the scholarship was Miss Winifred M. Knights, and a premium was awarded to Mr. G. C. L. Underwood. Both were students at the Slade School. The subject for sculpture was a group, symbolical of Sacrifice, of two figures on a pedestal, and a sketch model of the group and pedestal. The competitors, working *en logé*, were allowed one week for the sketch models and seven weeks for the completed groups. Each scholarship is worth £250 per annum for three years.

Where He Once had "an Even Warmer Reception": The Prime Minister at Birmingham.

IN THE CIVIC PROCESSION: (L. TO R.) MRS. LLOYD GEORGE, THE LORD MAYOR OF BIRMINGHAM, MR. LLOYD GEORGE, AND MISS LLOYD GEORGE.

In his speech at Birmingham Town Hall on February 7, Mr. Lloyd George playfully recalled his former visit to the city during the Boer War, when he had to disguise himself as a policeman to escape the mob. "I have some recollection," he said, "of an even warmer reception than you have been kind enough to accord me now." After his speech at the Town Hall on German reparation,



AFTER RECEIVING AN HONORARY LL.D. AT BIRMINGHAM UNIVERSITY; MR. LLOYD GEORGE, WITH THE PRINCIPAL, DR. GRANT ROBERTSON, AND WOMEN MEMBERS, the Premier and his party walked in procession to the Council House, where the Lord Mayor entertained them to luncheon. Later, Mr. Lloyd George visited the University, and received an honorary LL.D. He paid a tribute to the late Mr. Chamberlain, and said it was a source of joy to him that they had been reconciled before Mr. Chamberlain retired.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A. AND C.N.]

"Rugger"—International and Inter-Services: Teams; and a Royal Spectator.

WINNERS AGAINST WALES AT SWANSEA BY FOURTEEN POINTS TO EIGHT: THE SCOTTISH TEAM.



DEFEATED BY SCOTLAND IN A MATCH MARRED BY AN UNRULY CROWD: THE WELSH TEAM.



GREETING THE AIR FORCE TEAM (v. THE NAVY): THE DUKE OF YORK—(ON THE EXTREME LEFT, SIR HUGH TRENCHARD).

In the thirty-first international match between Scotland and Wales, played at Swansea on February 5, Scotland won by one goal, one penalty goal, and two tries (14 points) to two dropped goals (8 points). It was the first match Scotland had won on the St. Helen's ground for twenty-nine years. The game was marred by repeated invasions of the field by a refractory crowd, and play had to be



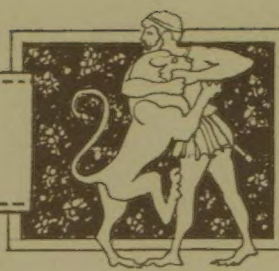
VICTORIOUS OVER THE AIR FORCE: THE NAVY TEAM INTRODUCED TO THE DUKE OF YORK AT QUEEN'S CLUB.

stopped several times. There were 40,000 spectators, and the arrangements for their accommodation were inadequate. At Queen's Club on the same day the Navy beat the Air Force by four goals, one dropped goal, and three tries (33 points) to one try (3 points). The Air Force team was not up to strength. The Duke of York watched the match, and shook hands with both teams.



Still a Mystery? The "Unliftable" Man.

BY COURTESY OF "L'ILLUSTRATION."



IN our issue of Feb. 5 we published an abridged translation of an article whose writer, M. Pierre Noguès, claimed to have found a mechanical explanation of the mystery of the unliftable man.

To-day we publish below, also by courtesy of *L'Illustration*, a translated refutation of these assertions, from the pen of M. Charles Nordmann, a well-known scientist, who was the first man in France to put forward the problem of Johnny Coulon.

From experiments made a few days ago at the laboratory of the Institut Général Psychologique, we shall prove that M. Noguès' explanation has no foundation.

Before describing the experiments conducted at the Institut, we think it necessary to give a short account of M. Noguès' explanations, which were communicated by their author to the Académie des Sciences. That learned body, however, did not insert them in their official bulletin.

According to M. Noguès, if Johnny Coulon is "unliftable" in the position which has been described a thousand times, it is because the vertical line passing through the centre of gravity of the whole mass formed by Johnny Coulon and his

actually takes place. The experiment made by M. J. J. Renaud, an athlete of extraordinary strength, using wooden soles much longer than those specified, gave an absolutely negative result—namely, the total impossibility of lifting Coulon when the latter placed his hands in the well-known



COULON STILL UNLIFTABLE (BY M. RENAUD), DESPITE "FOOT-BOARDS" TO ADVANCE THE LIFTER'S FULCRUM: EVIDENCE AGAINST M. NOGUÈS' THEORY.

In our last issue (February 5) we gave an illustrated article explaining M. Noguès' theory regarding the "unliftable" boxer, Johnny Coulon, who has puzzled the scientific world of Paris. M. Noguès ascribed the phenomenon merely to mechanical principles of weight, fulcrum (supporting base), and leverage. On this page M. Charles Nordmann disputes M. Noguès' conclusions, and shows by illustrations that Coulon can still make himself unliftable even under the conditions which M. Noguès said would render the task easy. The lifter here is M. J. J. Renaud, a well-known sportsman and writer.

position, although the centre of gravity of the system formed by the two men passed very much "inside" the supporting base of the lifter. Moreover, it is noticed that, at every attempt at lifting,

especially by M. J. J. Renaud, as shown in the left-hand photograph on this page. Here again the result was entirely negative, and, whilst one of us was firmly holding the stool, it was noticed that the would-be lifter did not support himself on the stool in his attempts at lifting, but actually left it spontaneously while exerting his effort.

(3) When Coulon does not lay his hands on his opponent, he is easily liftable (as in the right-hand photograph here), even if his opponent's toes are four inches—or, in the case of a strong-enough athlete, eight inches—away from Coulon's. On the contrary, when he lays his hands on his opponent, it is quite impossible to lift him when their toes are on the same straight line, or even if the toes of one are at the same level as the heels of the other. Yet, in the first case, the vertical line passing through the centre of gravity of the mass formed by both men was evidently passing further in front of the lifter than in the second case.

(4) To conclude, the experiment shown in the lower photograph completes our demonstration: not only is the lifter advancing his feet to place them on a level with Coulon's, but he bends backwards as much as possible, thus the verticals passing through his centre of gravity and that of both



ALTHOUGH SUPPORTED BY A STOOL AT HIS BACK, ACCORDING TO M. NOGUÈS' THEORY: M. RENAUD STILL UNABLE TO LIFT COULON.

would-be lifter passes beyond the feet of the latter—i.e., outside his supporting base. In other words, all the scientists who had found mystery in the phenomenon offered by Coulon had forgotten an elementary theorem of mechanics.

This would have been very humiliating for the said scientists if, in fact, this theorem had not been simply inoperative in Coulon's case. It is, indeed, childish to compare a man to a weight fixed to rigid levers, forgetting that, in his case, the levers are articulated, and controlled by muscles capable of resistance, and that these muscles are themselves put in motion by nervous influx, a thing that M. Noguès seems to forget.

If his explanation were correct, all things being equal, the greater the weight of a man, the greater would be his weight-lifting power. Thus Fatty would be champion of the world!

Those experiments we are about to describe took place in the laboratory of the Institut Général Psychologique under the presidency and control of Professor d'Arsonval, the eminent successor of Claude Bernard, surrounded by notabilities in the world of science and sport.

We shall limit ourselves to giving only a few of them, which will suffice to-day for corroborating our explanation.

(1) M. Noguès said, in his article, that for easily lifting the "unliftable" it suffices to tie tightly to the feet of the would-be lifter two wooden soles protruding from four to five inches beyond the tips of his shoes, so that their extreme ends should be placed by the side of his opponent's feet. Now, one would have thought that M. Noguès would have taken the trouble to verify this affirmation before launching it; unfortunately for its author, it is absolutely contrary to what



ACCORDING TO M. NOGUÈS, IN AN EASY LIFTING POSITION: M. LÉON SÉE FINDS IT IMPOSSIBLE TO LIFT COULON.

the tips of the feet, far from tending to rest on the ground, have rather a tendency to rise, which suffices to prove that M. Noguès' demonstration reposes also very lightly on its "supporting base." The top photograph given here shows exactly the experiment represented by Fig. 2 in our last issue.

(2) The experiment indicated by Fig. 3 (in the same issue) has also been made by several of us,



M. LÉON SÉE LIFTING COULON THOUGH STANDING WELL AWAY FROM HIM: A POSITION M. NOGUÈS SAID WOULD PREVENT IT.

men together reach the ground well behind his heels. In that position the lifter would fall backwards, bringing down Coulon with him, if he were not supported by the arm of a helper. In this paradoxical position the result is—impossibility of lifting Coulon when he lays his hands on his opponent!

To sum up, we maintain that the mystery of the "Unliftable Man" remains in its entirety, and cannot be explained by our actual knowledge of physiology and of animal or even human mechanism. Moreover, as this phenomenon is not peculiar to Johnny Coulon, but is shared by many others, even children, the interest attached to it is all the more general and places it among "scientific" phenomena. Sarcasms may be heaped by incredulous or ironical people on scientists great and small, but the fact remains that the general phenomenon discovered and exhibited for the first time by Johnny Coulon the boxer is actually inexplicable in the light of our limited knowledge.

Since the above was written, news comes from Geneva that the Swiss champion wrestler, Maurice Deriaz, succeeded in lifting Coulon twice at the Apollo Theatre there on Feb. 6. Deriaz, who had failed at three previous attempts, was to forfeit £40 if unsuccessful. He is reported to have said that the mystery consisted in Coulon pressing his fingers deeply into his adversary's throat. Coulon's contact with the wrist, he said, was to keep his opponent far enough away to prevent a favourable grip. Coulon is said to have accused Deriaz of shifting from the position imposed on him. Paris scientists were reported to have found that no pressure on the throat was needed on Coulon's part, but merely contact.

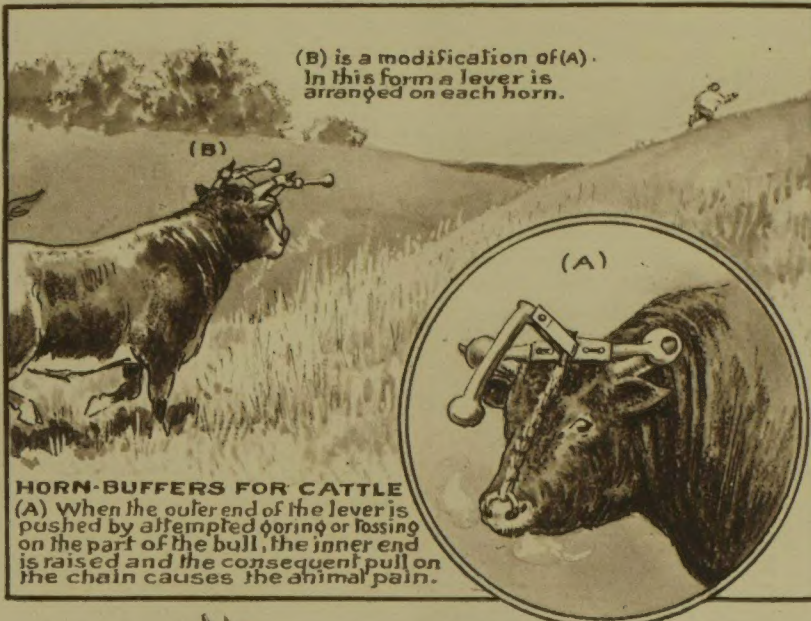
CURIOSITIES AND INGENUITIES OF THE PATENT OFFICE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON.



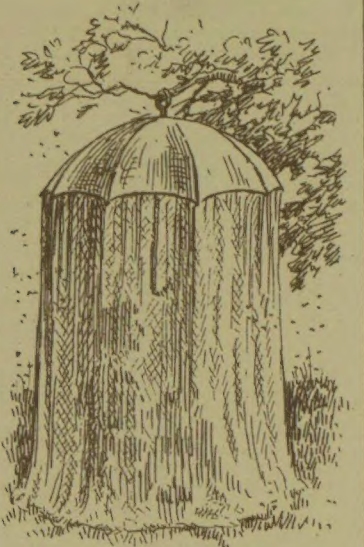
KILLING FLIES.

A FLICKER of cloth, leather or rubber, ora fassel secured to the end of a piece of spring steel provided with a handle at the other end.



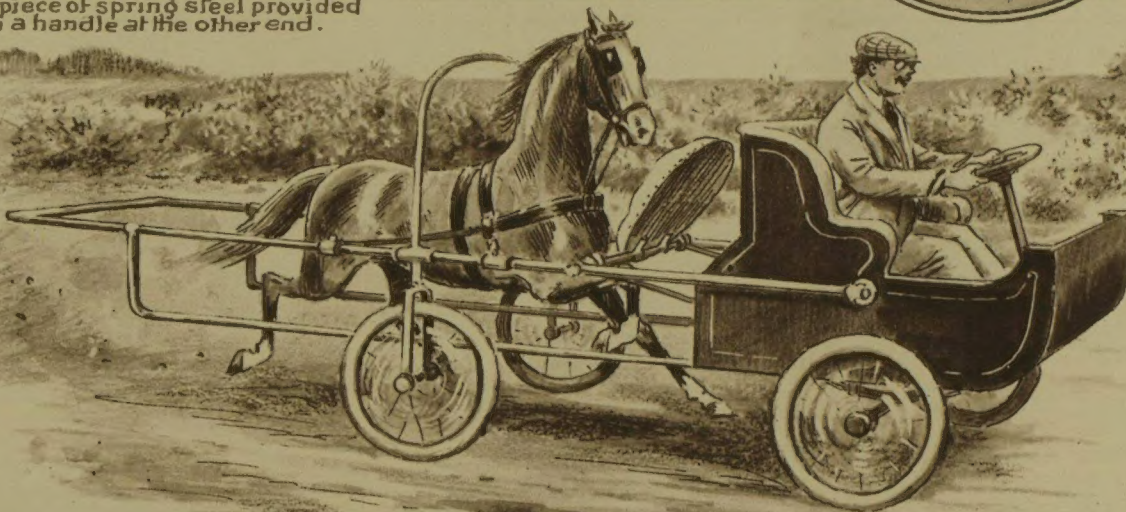
HORN-BUFFERS FOR CATTLE

(A) When the outer end of the lever is pushed by attempted goring or tossing on the part of the bull, the inner end is raised and the consequent pull on the chain causes the animal pain.



AVOIDING MOSQUITOES.

An Umbrella with a ring for hanging it to a tree. A curtain is attached to the umbrella to form a Tent.



A FOUR-WHEELED VEHICLE "PUSHED" BY A HORSE, harnessed to the frame, at the back, the steering being in front by means of a steering wheel. The horse is stopped by depressing a pedal thereby raising a padded disc in front of the horse's head. To quicken the horse's speed another pedal is used to operate two spurs mounted inside the frame at each side of the horse's flanks.



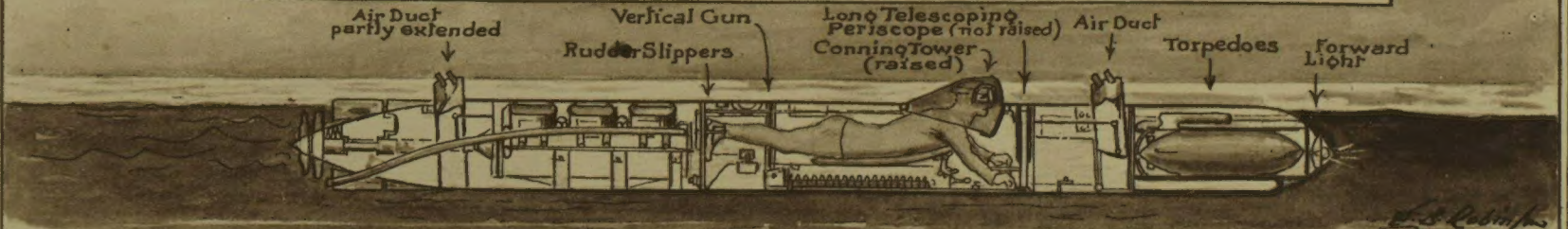
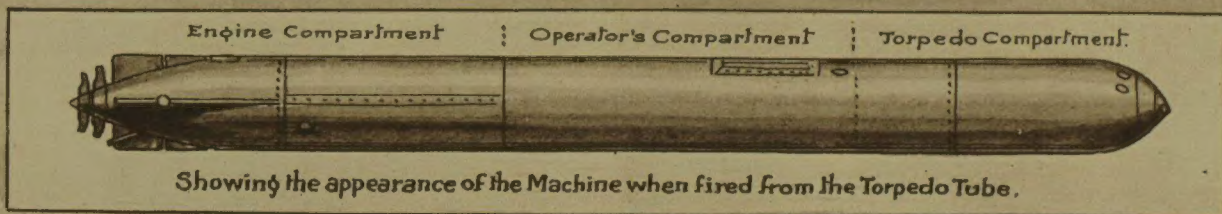
To give a pair of Spectacles the appearance of a pair of pince-nez. Plaques (p) merely rest upon the nose. The wings (w) imitate hanging chains.



An appliance for attachment to brooding hens to prevent them from sitting. A metal plate fits the underside of the hen's body. A projecting metal bow is secured to the plate.



DOG-WHIP provided with a receptacle from which pepper or other suitable powder may be sprinkled on fighting dogs to stop the quarrel.



A SUBMERSIBLE VESSEL carrying a single operator for controlling the operation and movements of the vessel, and of such form and size that it may be discharged from the torpedo-tube of a ship or submarine

MANY INVENTIONS: SERIES VIII.—FLY FLICKERS; BULL'S HORN-BUFFERS; UMBRELLA MOSQUITO TENTS; HORSE-PUSHED CARS; PINCE-NEZ SPECTACLES; BROODY-HEN PREVENTERS; "PEPPERY" DOG-WHIPS; MANNED TORPEDOES.

In the specifications of the man-controlled torpedo, we read: "The position of the operator is the same as the position of his body when in swimming; . . . therefore a nautical man would feel perfectly at home. . . . If he cannot start his engine, he may still get back to his base by paddling or sculling—that is, by moving his feet up and down with long strokes he will move his horizontal rudders up and down and push the vessel forward. . . . When he sees aircraft

directly over him, he presses a button which pulls the muzzle shield (of the vertical gun) away, which act energises the magnet which pulls the trigger . . . it will be in the nature of a comfort to the operator. . . . Should a submarine not be able to rise to the surface, this vessel may be expelled from its tube with its operator and speed away for help. . . . The last man would set a time fuse to fire the charge that expels him."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



By J. T. GREIN.

MR. HARRY WALL'S second appearance as a playwright—this time under the wing of Mr. Arthur Wontner, and in token of a benefit for the Actors' Benevolent Fund—reminds me of the play competition of which some five years ago he was the winner. We were then in the midst of the turmoil, and, as the dramatic vein of the nation was almost sterile for a while, I suggested to Messrs. Grossmith and Laurillard that a prize and a production would perhaps reveal a "mute inglorious" new man. The proposal was accepted; the prize was to be a hundred pounds, and the play was to be given a trial at the Court Theatre. Among the judges were men well known in stage-land: Henry Ainley, Frederick Whelan, H. A. Hertz; and the crop was a nice one—in quantity.

There rushed in no fewer than 264 plays, all anonymously under a motto; and, of these, twelve were to be delegated, on the selection of the experienced chief readers, Miss Emily Stone and Miss Agnes Platt, to the judges. Of the twelve the competition was narrowed down to three; and it was my duty, as umpire, to select the winner after having considered the report on each play by my distinguished fellow-sifters. Of the bulk the least said the soonest mended. I employed my leisure from time to time in perusing manuscripts at random after the readers had done with them, and, when I look back on the arid stuff that had to be waded through, I regard it as a providential ordainment that the two ladies who so valiantly laboured in the cause of our drama were not bereft of their reason. Of all the rubbish! Well, that is done with, and, although none of the twelve plays of the narrower competition revealed inordinate talent, we were at least glad to be able to arrive at unanimity in awarding the prize to "Ruts," by a young and hitherto unknown author, Mr. Harry Wall.

The play was duly produced, and, mainly thanks to the perfect performance of Miss Hilda Trevelyan as a young woman who has decided to defy the ruts of village conventions and to test life for herself, it was a *succès d'estime*. It was not taken up by Messrs. Grossmith and Laurillard; it was not heard of again; but to a certain extent the aim was achieved. Critics and spectators agreed that here was a new man of promise, who would redeem it when he had learnt his *métier*—had mastered technique and the wisdom that too much palaver spoils a conversation. For that Mr. Wall had original ideas, a nimble wit, a certain gift of drawing characters akin to life, was apparent enough in his firstling. But it was clumsy of structure, and so long that the interest flagged and the unquenched desire for five o'clock tea damped the ardour of the audience.

Meanwhile, Mr. Wall joined the Army, and his second effort, "A Lady Calls on Peter," proves

that we were not so far wrong in predicting a future for him. The new comedy is an elaboration of a well-worn theme. When a fairly young author is in quest of a typist to dictate a new book; when he is pursued by a much-widowed widow whom he does not want; when by the long arm of coincidence a little country maiden from the Land of Cakes wafts into his solitude and takes on the typewriting job—a blind horse can see the inevitable. So the plot does not matter; nor is it of much importance that the author wobbles between comedy and farce. He will learn the



IN A RÔLE "CREATED" BY SARAH BERNHARDT: MR. CLAUDE RAINS AS THE OPIUM-SMOKER HERO OF "DANIEL," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

Mr. Claude Rains gives a powerful performance as the opium-smoking "wreck" in the name-part of Louis Verneuil's play "Daniel," now running at the St. James's Theatre in a version adapted from the French by Sibyl Harris. The rôle of Daniel, who does not appear till the third act, was "created" by Sarah Bernhardt. As she could not move about the stage, the character was represented sitting with legs enveloped in rugs. — [Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]

difference, as he will learn to contrive the stories that are not quite so banal as this one. His two paramount qualities remain, characterisation and dialogue. His every character is not only deftly drawn, but it is a type; and one of them, the unimaginative suburban shorthand-writer who is matter-of-fact and *noli me tangere* in her narrow little way, is a masterly miniature played to life-like perfection by Miss Laura Lydia. She is but a collateral figure, for Miss Hilda Trevelyan is the heroine, yet from the critic's point of view hers is the happiest creation of the author. True to her colours and her belief in Mr. Wall, Miss Hilda Trevelyan became the good fairy of his second venture. Capitally supported by Mr. Arthur Wontner, she is the life and soul of the play. She spreads charm. She is womanly, in all the various meanings of that significant word. Now arch, now wily, now capricious, but always winsome, she conquers hero and audience alike. She has but one little fault—and that is, no doubt, due to her provincial experiences, where the audiences are wont to be "played at"—she sometimes underlines and emphasises her words and gestures too much. It is an exuberance of zeal, but she should not cultivate it. Her sweet self, unforced, unaffected, makes for complete easiness on both sides of the footlights.

I have paid my tribute of valediction to Galsworthy's masterly "Skin Game," and its two chief equally masterly exponents, Mr. Dawson Milward and Mr. Edmund Gwenn, and once more I came away so deeply impressed that for a good long while after the curtain's fall my mind was

occupied with the aspects of the play and the achievements of the actors. As an *ensemble*, the performance is so fine that it may well be held up as an example of English histrionic art of to-day. As a play, "The Skin Game" is a human document of rare value because, in spite of its inconclusive end, which the author chose designedly, it leaves us in sympathy with both enemies—the man of birth and the man of his own making. There is no author of to-day who fathoms English life so deeply, who is so wholly English in his aspect of life in general, with its traditions and its strife, as Galsworthy. What a mission it would be for a rich man who loved his England to man a company exclusively for the production of Galsworthy's plays abroad! It would do more for amity towards this Empire than all political efforts. And I would head my company with the two actors named, Milward and Gwenn: the one the incarnation of the gentleman, the other of the man of the people, as hard and as true as steel. With such exponents and their retinue, we could convince a doubting world that in art and in thought the British stage and the British drama at their best are second to none.

I often wish that life were not so terribly short and full, with ever so much to learn to keep abreast; that I could oftener take a "busman's holiday" in order to discern new talent, and perhaps new plays, among the amateurs from whom so many of our well-known actors have sprung. A recent visit to the old-established Bancroft Company kindled these inclinations, for I saw a capital performance of an original, untried play by that witty and deft amateur dramatist—i.e., a real dramatist who is at the same time an amateur actor of mark—Mr. Herbert Swears. "Captain X," is a crook play in the vein of "Arsène Lupin," and I should not be at all astonished if after the trial trip it found its way to the regular stage. For there were several managers present, and the reception was not merely a tribute to a fellow-worker in the twofold part of playwright and player, but the outcome of genuine amusement. The whole thing is a practical joke played by a swell mobster on a *nouveau riche*. From beginning to end the farce is well knit, the excitement maintained with the observance of Sarcey's dictum: "The drama is the art of preparation." The acting was in some instances of first-rate West End order—indeed, Mr. Swears himself as Captain X would make a hit in an evening bill; and it was pleasant to find among the cast the promising daughter of an actress well beloved by playgoers and students—Miss Kate Rorke. Miss Zoe Cree—that is young Miss Rorke's *nom-de-guerre*—has the voice of her mother. With experience, she will uphold the family standard.



AN IDEAL "MINX" AND A "MOTHERING" ELDEST SISTER: (L. TO R.) MISS ENA GROSSMITH AS VERONICA AND MISS KYRLE BELLEW AS DAPHNE VEREKER, IN "A SAFETY MATCH," AT THE STRAND THEATRE.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.



THE "STRONG MAN" CAPTIVATED BY THE PARSON'S SOCK-DARNING DAUGHTER: MISS KYRLE BELLEW AS DAPHNE VEREKER, AND MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AS "JUGGERNAUT" CARR, IN "A SAFETY MATCH," AT THE STRAND THEATRE. — [Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

WINTER PASTIMES IN THE ALPS: SKI-ING, SLEIGHING, AND "TAILING."

FROM WATER-COLOURS BY L. SABATTIER.



PLEASURES OF A WINTER HOLIDAY IN THE FRENCH ALPS: A SKI LESSON BESIDE THE PATINOIRE (SKATING RINK) AT CHAMONIX; AND THE START OF A SLEIGHING EXPEDITION.



"TAILING" BACK TO THE TOP OF A BOBSLEIGH RUN: A STRING OF "BOBBERS" RETURNING SLOWLY TO THE STARTING-POINT
À LA QUELUE LEU LEU, AFTER THEIR SWIFT DESCENT.

A distinction is to be drawn, as M. Sabattier points out in a note to his charming drawings of life at Chamonix, reproduced above and on succeeding pages, between serious winter sport as practised by experts for competition purposes, and the pursuit thereof merely as a healthy and pleasurable pastime. It is this latter phase which he has here set out to illustrate. "I do not mean to imply," he writes, "that the purely sporting side of Chamonix is negligible. I leave to better-qualified pens the task of celebrating the cosmopolitan meetings of the Patinoire, the thrills of international contests, the prowess of champions, and the

delights of the festivals held during the season in this glorious Alpine setting. My aim has been to show that, in this hospitable and wondrous corner of France, the tastes of the simplest as well as the most skilled can find satisfaction, and that the pleasant winter sun shines as beneficently on the harmless 'spills' of the girl novice ski-runner as on the giddy acrobatics of the expert skater. . . . When the lugers reach the foot of the slope, and are drawn up again, à la queue leu leu, by a vehicle with one or two horses, that is called 'tailing.'"—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

A CRADLE OF RECRUITS FOR THE FRENCH CHASSEURS

FROM A WATER-COLOUR



YOUNG FRANCE COMBINING PLEASURE AND PATRIOTISM: A JOYOUS GATHERING OF

"The ski," writes M. Sabattier, in his illustrations, "is a very practical implement: it bears a Scandinavian name, but this name is peculiarly its own, and has no equivalent either in French or English, any more than the thing it represents. Its introduction among us is of comparatively recent date; it replaced, to our great advantage, the snow-shoes on which, not so long ago, people used to drag themselves laboriously over the snow. Everyone uses ski—the postman, the gendarme, the *curé*, all do their rounds upon them. Children delight in ski-running, and the municipality, aided by the *Syndicat d'Initiative* of Chamonix, frequently organizes for them sports and contests to encourage them and perfect them in the practice of this mode of locomotion. A great number of tourists, constant visitors to Chamonix in winter, take an interest in this

ALPINS: A MEETING OF YOUNG SKI-RUNNERS AT CHAMONIX.

BY L. SABATTIER.



FRENCH BOYS FOR A SPORT VALUABLE IN MOUNTAIN WARFARE—A SKI MEETING.

patriotic work, the chief aim of which is to supply our corps of Chasseurs Alpins with skilful and well-trained recruits. Gifts in kind and in money, due to the generosity of visitors wintering at Chamonix, foster among these hardy little Savoyards an enthusiasm which no desire for gain could well increase, so keen is it already, and so great is the attraction which this form of exercise already has for them." It will never be forgotten what splendid work the French Chasseurs Alpins did in the late war. In M. Sabattier's picture the note of patriotism is struck by the small tricolour planted in the snow, just beside the figure of a girl in the right foreground. The joyous expression on the boys' faces is evidence of their enthusiasm.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE YOUNG SKI-JÖRERS: A WINTER DONKEY-RIDE AT CHAMONIX.

FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY L. SABATTIER.

WINTER PASTIMES FOR THE YOUNGEST GENERATION: A PARTY OF LITTLE "SKI-JÖRERS" AT CHAMONIX
MORE JOYOUS THAN THE WINNER OF THE ARAVIS CHALLENGE CUP.

Children get as much fun out of winter sports as the most brilliant of champions, and, as M. Sabattier explains, this and his other drawings which we reproduce in this number deal with the subject rather as a "pastime" pursued for pure enjoyment, than as winter "sport," in the serious sense of the word. "Sport," he writes, "has become synonymous with intense toil, sustained and systematic effort, accompanied by a severe regimen, excluding everything with the slightest suggestion of merriment. Sportsmen display in their pursuits a ferocious energy; they are highly serious; if they do experience any pleasure, they do not show it. They are worthy successors of the old Greek

athletes and Roman gladiators; like them, they lead a life of laborious toil not exempt from danger. The games of the circus were mainly amusing for the spectators. The people whom I have depicted do not belong, then, to the world of sport; they amuse themselves without any regard for the austere rules which govern the proceedings of sportsmen properly so called. These children, whom a debonair donkey has taken in tow in the streets of Chamonix, are more joyous than the winner of the Aravis Challenge Cup, and they have the air of being quite sure that they are out on a regular ski-jöring expedition." Real ski-jöring consists in being drawn along on ski by a horse.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

SERVICE PORTRAITS; WITH AN ARTIST SELF-PORTRAYED: A NEW SHOW.

FROM THE MODERN SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS' EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE GALLERIES, BY PERMISSION. ARTISTS' COPYRIGHT RESERVED.



THE AIR FORCE: "COLONEL SIR PIERRIC VAN RYNEVELD, K.B.E., D.S.O., M.C."—BY OSWALD BIRLEY.



THE NAVY: "REAR-ADMIRAL SIR W. R. HALL, K.C.M.G., M.P."—BY GERALD KELLY.



THE ARMY: "MAJOR EDWARD CHAMBERLAYNE, D.S.O., WARWICKSHIRE YEOMANRY"—BY JOHN ST. HELIER LANDER.



ART AND THE ARMY: "PORTRAIT OF THE PAINTER."—BY OSWALD BIRLEY.

The eleventh Exhibition of the Modern Society of Portrait Painters opened at the Royal Institute Galleries in Piccadilly on February 5, and remains open until the 26th. The notable portraits here reproduced represent the three fighting services, with one of the artists, portrayed by himself. Colonel Sir Pierric Van Ryneveld was the pilot of the famous Cairo to the Cape flight last March, and is now Director of the South African Air Service. He did distinguished work in the war. Admiral Sir William Reginald Hall is M.P. (Coalition Unionist) for West Derby. Throughout the war he was Director of the

Intelligence Division of the Admiralty War Staff. Major Edward Chamberlayne, D.S.O., is an officer in the Warwickshire Yeomanry. The motto on the coat-of-arms seen in the right-hand top corner of the portrait is "Prodesse quam conspici" (to do good service rather than be conspicuous). Mr. Oswald Birley served in the war with the 10th Royal Fusiliers in 1914 and 1915, and became a Captain the next year, when he was attached to the Intelligence Corps in France till 1919. He was born at Auckland, in New Zealand, in 1880. One of his pictures has been bought for the Luxembourg.

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

"SOLD by order of the Judge of His Britannic Majesty's Provincial Court at Hankow," gave an added Eastern atmosphere to the

Chinese porcelain at Christie's on the 3rd. The whole-coloured porcelain comprised a fine range of crackle vases, and bottles and jars of apple-green, mustard-yellow, turquoise, sage-green, lavender, and celadon. Among the enamelled porcelain two tea-pots claimed the collector's interest: one, square, was decorated with

little drawings in sepia, "Views of Paris," by Thomas Girtin, the friend of Turner, had sad memories. In ill-health and harassed by the strict rules against sketching in Paris, although the Peace Treaty had been signed at Amiens a few months before in 1802, Girtin hired a coach and sketched from the windows. He shortly returned to England to die in his twenty-eighth year, while finishing his Paris sketches, and he lies buried in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden. Two Brussels tapestry panels and two Flemish panels, sold separately, brought 680 guineas; and a Mortlake panel was disposed of for 290 guineas—all were of the seventeenth century.

Objects of art and porcelain, the property of the late Mr. David Martin Currie, the well-known connoisseur, were sold on Feb. 9 and following day by Messrs. Christie. "Objects of art and vertu" is a generic term including the jewelled knick-knacks of the boudoir which have been ingeniously invented to please great ladies from Catherine de' Medici to Madame la Pompadour. Some of the notable articles in this collection comprise a Louis XV. watch by Baillon, à Paris, in gold case, the back enamelled with shepherd and shepherdess; a snuff-box with piqué leather sides and miniature of a lady, by S. Cooper; another gold snuff-box by C. Schultz, à Moscow, with a miniature of a lady; and a Louis XVI. octagonal gold box with Sèvres plaques painted with pastoral scenes. On the second day's sale Limoges enamel was evident. A fine enamel Limoges casket had plaques with figures in grisaille on dark blue ground; another fine Limoges enamel chasse with sloping top had plaques attributed to Couly Noilier. There were altar candlesticks, bronze inkstands, bronze table bells, Venetian glass beakers, and rock-crystal vases, to say nothing of Sèvres porcelain coffee-cups and saucers made for Catherine II. of Russia, and a plate painted with Bacchantes and subjects from Roman history by Dodin, part of the service now in the Royal Collection at Windsor. These are a few items from the wonderful array exhibiting fine connoisseurship by the late owner extending over a great number of years.

In another room at Christie's on the 10th a sale of fine English and Brussels tapestry was being conducted, the property of Lieut.-Colonel

Noel Baxendale and others. Tapestries are to the fore just now, in the remarkable collection at the Franco-British Exhibition of Textiles opened on the 12th at the Victoria and Albert Museum, where so many examples of Gobelins and other work have been lent by the French Government from the Mobilier National and from celebrated French private collections. In addition, the Duke of Portland is sending a set of tapestries with subjects after Boucher, and furniture *en suite*. The King is lending a fine Flemish tapestry panel of the sixteenth century, and the Duke of Rutland a panel from the celebrated Don Quixote series woven at the Gobelins factory. It was natural, therefore, that considerable interest was shown at Christie's on the 10th in regard to four panels of Soho tapestry attributed to J. Morris, 1730, with figures of Juno, Euterpe, Diana, and Flora, surrounded by arabesques, fruit, animals, and birds. Another set of four Soho panels, presumably by John Vanderbank, in 1722-25, according to certain account-book notes by a former owner, Sir William Heathcote, were woven with subjects after Lebrun allegorical of the elements—Ceres in a chariot, Juno on clouds, Mars and Venus with Vulcan's forge, and Neptune and Amphitrite. A Brussels oblong panel (14 ft. high, 18 ft. wide), of middle sixteenth century, represents Noah and his family after the Deluge; three other Brussels panels are woven with Teniers subjects, with scene

on quay, peasants carousing outside an inn, and a winter scene on a canal, late seventeenth century.

In French furniture and porcelain to be sold by Messrs. Christie on the 17th inst., much of the Dresden porcelain to be offered was in the Massey-Mainwaring Collection, and was exhibited at the Bethnal Green Museum. In the furniture section seven tapestry fauteuils with gilt frames of Louis XV. design are covered with Beauvais tapestry with children emblematic of the seasons, and with subjects from Æsop's fables. Six Hepplewhite and four Chippendale chairs, the former with lyre backs and the latter with seats and backs with pastoral subjects in silks and wools, make an English moment, as does a remarkable old English lacquer cabinet with folding doors enclosing drawers, on stand with gilt supports carved with caryatid figures. The decorative landscape panels with figures are in black and gold, with pearl enrichments around border.

Messrs. Sotheby have an attractive catalogue of Oriental porcelain, delft, English and Italian pottery, early English furniture and tapestries to be sold on the 18th. The items are varied, but have exceptional attraction. There is a fine set of twelve William and Mary high-backed chairs which come from Chastleton, Oxfordshire, the property of Mrs. Whitmore Jones, and are similar to chairs of the same period at Hampton Court and Broughton Castle. Two fine James II. chairs and a panel of Sheldon tapestry of sixteenth-century period come from the same house. Another property includes a series of old Flemish tapestries, of which the most notable is the Triumph of a Roman general marching towards a walled city at the head of his army. Lovers of portraits royal and historical will find at Sotheby's on the 17th and 18th insts. some rare examples from the collection of Sir John Stirling Maxwell, Bt. There are forty-seven portraits of James I., by Simon de Pass, George Vertue, and other engravers. Again, James I. is represented by twenty-two portraits, also in one lot, by Simon de Pass, Vaughan, and others. Henry Prince of Wales has twelve portraits by C. Boel, F. Delarum, and others, and his Simon de Pass portrait with a lance, (which, by the way, finds itself duplicated in a brass figure at Rosenborg Castle, Copenhagen) is also here, but a torn and damaged example. Henrietta Maria in one lot is represented by nineteen portraits, and Charles II. by forty-one. Prince Charles Edward Stuart, Cardinal York, Flora Macdonald, are all well represented. The extra illustrator will revel in this dispersal.



WITH GILT CARYATID SUPPORTS AND DECORATED WITH CHINESE LANDSCAPES: AN OLD ENGLISH LACQUER CABINET COMING UNDER THE HAMMER.

This fine cabinet is included in the sale of French furniture, decorative objects, and porcelain to be held at Christie's on February 17. It is 6 ft. 7 in. high by 5 ft. 8 in. wide. Further details of it are given in the article on this page.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods.

flowers emblematic of the seasons; the other, formed as a hexagonal ewer enamelled with ladies in colours on a black ground, had a handle in the form of a kylin. On the 2nd inst. at Christie's a necklace of eighty-seven well-matched and graduated Orient pearls, the property of a lady, realised £7000.

Lovers of Rowlandson's drawings found over a hundred representative examples, the property of the late Mr. Edward Thomas, which were sold by Messrs. Christie on the 4th. The subjects exhibited Rowlandson in his best vein, and included such varied items as "The Market Place, Düsseldorf," "An Owner and Jockey," "The Bellman's Clapper Stopp'd," "The Launching of a Battleship," "Glastonbury," "A Dog Fight," "Charles James Fox," "Travelling in the Prussian Dominions," "Highland Beggar," and illustrations to "Dr. Syntax." At the same sale were a number of drawings by E. M. Wimperis, including "The Village on the Marsh," "Tossing the Hay," "The Marsh, Llanbedr," and "Moorland Stream," all of which had been exhibited at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours. Another property included a David Cox, "The Gorge," exhibited at the David Cox exhibition at Birmingham in 1890; and an Albert Moore, "Lightning and Light" (with a pedigree from the Royal Academy, 1892; Grafton Gallery, 1894; Birmingham, 1904; and the Coronation Exhibition, 1911), found itself side by side in the catalogue with "The Cigarette," a red-chalk drawing by Mr. Augustus E. John. As to prices, old and new, the older masters claim their toll before modernity. Messrs. Robinson, Fisher, and Harding recently sold J. Van Goyen's "Mouth of a River," for £451.

At Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's, on the 4th, engravings, furniture, porcelain, and tapestries were sold. There was a General Wolfe portrait in mezzotint by Houston, and the rare "Death of General Wolfe at Quebec," printed in colours. Two



SOLD FOR 70,000 DOLLARS (£18,500) IN NEW YORK—A RECORD PRICE: A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH STAINED-GLASS PANEL FROM THE LAWRENCE COLLECTION.

The American Art Association, of Madison Square South, New York—the "Christie's" of that city—sold on January 27 and 28 the late Mr. Henry C. Lawrence's remarkable collection of Gothic and other ancient art, including stained glass of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. The above example fetched the record price of 70,000 dollars (£18,500). It represents part of a Jesse tree with a half-figure of Christ, with purple face and yellow crown, white and purple robe, and yellow mantle. On either side are scrolled acanthus leaves in white, green, purple, and red, with a blue background. It is 30½ inches high and 31½ inches wide. [By Courtesy of the American Art Association.]



A FINE EXAMPLE OF MODERN BRITISH PORTRAIT-PAINTING: THE HON. LOIS STURT.

The Hon. Lois Sturt, younger daughter of Lady Alington and sister of the present holder of the title, is the most pictured of all the young Society beauties of the moment. This page shows a reproduction of Mr. Gerald F. Kelly's portrait of her, which is now on view at the National Portrait Society's Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries. The same show contains two portraits of her by Ambrose McEvoy, and four studies by Drian; as well as "The Portrait of a Girl," an oil-painting by Miss Sturt, who is herself an artist of considerable talent.



AN ART HITHERTO BELIEVED UNKNOWN IN CHINA: THE MOST WONDERFUL EXAMPLE OF CHINESE TAPESTRY—AN EMPEROR'S BIRTHDAY FESTIVAL.

Tapestry proper was at one time thought to have had no place among the arts of China, although the beautiful brocades called *ho sen*, which technically more or less resemble it, were well known in Europe. It was a revelation, therefore, when the beautiful panel reproduced above, true tapestry as ever was woven at Beauvais or the Gobelins factories, was brought from China to this country by the late Mr. T. J. Larkin, of Bond Street. A notable feature is the border, representing a gilded picture frame, and evidently not Chinese in character, but copied from French eighteenth-century models. The royal factory at Beauvais used to produce annually a set of tapestries for foreign Courts, and in 1763

six panels, after Boucher, were sent to the Emperor Ch'ien Lung. Their borders, representing gilt picture-frames, were similar to the above, and probably provided models for the Chinese weaver. Mr. Larkin's tapestry is 8 ft. 6 in. high by 12 ft. 2 in. wide, and in closeness of texture rivals the finest French work. The subject is a birthday festival, apparently that of the Emperor Ch'ien Lung himself. He is seated on the right at a round table with his consort and five children, and a child climbing his chair is offering him a sceptre. On the sideboard behind lies another larger sceptre. In the left foreground is a children's band, suggestive of "jazz" music.

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IN transferring the story of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" from the pages of the world-famous novel by Vicente Blasco Ibanez to the motion-picture screen, the producers undertook an artistic task of which the magnitude was apparent even before the opening scene was "shot." Now, after six months of painstaking labour at the extensive studios in Southern California, the final touches are being put to this prodigy of cinematic craftsmanship, and its sponsors discover that practically every known record of the picture industry has been broken.

The setting up of new records for motion-picture producers of the future to equal or surpass has come about because of the very bigness of the story of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Its characters work out their destinies in two hemispheres. From the Argentine, with its far-flung ranges, to the capitals of Europe, Señor Ibanez carries the readers of his master work with breathless interest, whilst he unfolds an overwhelming human drama against the background of a world in arms.

South America, England, France, Belgium, Germany—these lands and multitudes of their people needed to be depicted before the camera for the colossal production. As a result, the million-dollar picture, long the dream of American producers, not only has been realised in the visualisation of the Ibanez novel, but has been eclipsed to an extent that will not be definitely known until the auditors have made final tabulations before the formal release of the great film production in five or six weeks' time.

Even this unprecedented expense of half-a-million pounds' sterling in production costs has been dwarfed to insignificance by the physical magnitude of the undertaking that made the screen version of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" possible. Statistics compiled at the studios indicate that the production, judged by all the known standards of picture-making, will prove the most gigantic photo-spectacle in the history of the silent drama.

The following production facts impart some idea of the immensity of the picture:—

More building materials were used in the making of the picture than were required in the erection of the world's greatest sky-scraper, the Woolworth Building in New York, no less than 125,000 tons of steel, concrete, and lumber being used. The settings for "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," among them an entire French village, which were constructed far more substantially than most backgrounds for camera work only, involved the use of much more than 125,000 tons of solid masonry, steel, lumber, furniture, and shrubbery.

A village capable of housing 6000 persons was erected in the foothills of the San Bernardino mountains in Southern California, and destroyed for the purpose of the production. Since the destruction was by artillery, it was necessary to construct every building completely rather than as building fronts only, as is done with most picture sets.

A total of 12,500 men and women, or the adult population of a city of 60,000, participated in the filming of the picture, either before the camera or as workers on the big sets.

A costume factory was erected on the Hollywood studio grounds for the "dressing" of the picture. An armoury and two machine-shops were incidentals of the other building operations that were completed before the first scene of the picture was photographed.



"STARS" IN A FILM CAST OF 12,000 PEOPLE FOR "THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE": (L. TO R.) MR. JOHN SAINPOLIS AS LAURIER, MISS ALICE TERRY AS MARGUERITE, AND MR. RUDOLPH VALENTINO AS JULIO.

Although the picture has not yet been completed, more than 450,000 feet of raw film have been exposed, developed, and printed, and the total footage consumed before the final scenes have been finished will probably be well over the half-million mark.

Fourteen camera men and a dozen assistant directors have been employed in the picturing of



THE ENEMY IN MARCELO DESNOYERS' CASTLE: THE GERMAN COMMANDANT IS INTERESTED IN PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE DESNOYERS FAMILY.

the production, every available spot where the eye of the camera might find a new or artistic view of the big scenes being used.

Of these eighty-five miles of film—enough to reach from London to Salisbury—it is probable that not more than ten or twelve reels, or a maximum of 12,000 feet (about 2½ miles) will actually reach the eye of the theatre-goers who view the picture.

The task of editing this mass of material, of eliminating the duplicates and all but the perfect reproductions of the scenes enacted before the camera, will probably take many weeks. The

"THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE."

producers, the Metro Pictures Corporation, to feed the 12,000 persons appearing in the picture while they were working "on location." A luncheon is given free to each "extra" player in addition to his or her stipend for the day's work when employed at a distance from the studios.

The task of feeding these thousands of "extras" was on a scale comparable with that of an army. Field kitchens and a highly organised commissariat department had to be established.

Because of the magnitude of the task of placing this, perhaps the most widely read novel every published, on the screen, it was necessary to revise the usual order of procedure and change the methods generally adopted in photographing big scenes for the camera.

Several patents have been issued by the United States Patent Office covering the new mechanical devices used for the first time in the making of pictures.

A complete telephone system, involving the use of a corps of electricians, operators, and a small fortune in cable and other materials, was erected on the mountain ranch where the big exterior scenes for the picture were filmed.

The collection of the art treasures that will be seen in the picture involved not only the expenditure of large sums of money, but a canvass of the art world for tapestries, paintings, curios, and musical instruments, such as are described by Ibanez as used in the South American phase of the story. The art treasures, however, were lent by their owners, many of whom would not consider putting a price upon them. The insurance on the tapestries and paintings used in the picture alone amounted to £55,000.

The original book of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," which has gone through 150 editions and probably will reach the 200th edition before present demands of readers throughout the world have been satisfied, is said to have been more widely read than any printed work, with the exception of the Bible.

The Ibanez novel has been read in every civilised country of the world. It is due to this "reader-interest" that an unprecedented mass of letters have been received at the Metro studios from every quarter of the globe, containing suggestions concerning methods of production, inquiries as to the time of releasing the picture, and about the personnel of the cast that will be seen in it.

"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" was picturised under the direction of Mr. Rex Ingram. It was prepared for the screen from Señor Ibanez's novel by June Mathis. John Seitz, of Metro's West Coast camera staff, was in charge of the corps of camera men employed in the making of the picture.

The cast of principals is the most distinguished ever assembled for a motion picture. The leading rôles are enacted by Rudolph Valentino as Julio Desnoyers; Alice Terry as Marguerite Laurier; Pomeroy Cannon as Madariaga, "the Centaur"; Nigel de Bruiller as Tchernoff, the Russian visionary; and Mabel Van Buren as Elena; while other prominent parts in this remarkable film are sustained by Joseph Swickart, Brinsley Shaw,

Wallace Beery, Alan Hale, Bridgetta Clark, Edward Connelly, Jacques d'Auray, Mlle. Dolorez, and Harry S. Northrup.

The picture is expected to be released early in March.



"FROM THE FILM VERSION OF 'THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE': THE FLIGHT FROM VILLEBLANCHE, ON THE MARNE, BEFORE THE ADVANCING GERMANS.

mere running of 450,000 feet of film through one camera, at the rate of sixty feet to the minute, would occupy sixteen days of eight working hours each.

Vast quantities of food were provided by the

CONQUEST; WAR; FAMINE; AND DEATH—"THE FOUR

(SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 209.)

HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE": IBANEZ'S NOVEL FILMED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY METRO FILMS.



THE WAVE OF WAR NEARING PARIS: GERMAN ARTILLERY GET THE RANGE OF THE STREET BARRICADE AT VILLEBLANCHE, ON THE MARNE.



THE FLIGHT BEFORE THE ADVANCING GERMAN OF VILLEBLANCHE AS THE ENEMY



HORDES: VILLAGERS LEAVING THE VILLAGE ADVANCE TOWARD PARIS.



"THEY" ENTER: GERMAN CAVALRY AND INFANTRY ON THE MARCH INTO TORTURED, SHELL-TORN VILLEBLANCHE.



THE LAST DEFENDERS: FRENCH WOUNDED AT THE VILLAGE FOUNTAIN JUST BEFORE THE COMING OF THE ENEMY.



THE ENEMY BARS THE WAY: DON MARCELO AS A SERVANT IN



DESNOYERS, THE MILLIONAIRE, TREATED HIS OWN CASTLE.



IN THE FIELD OF DEATH: THE DESNOYERS AT THE GRAVE OF THEIR SON JULIO; WITH RENÉ AND CHICHI.

That very remarkable and much-discussed novel of the Great War, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," by the Spanish author Vicente Blasco Ibañez, has been "filmed," and in its new form will certainly awaken great interest. The book is known the world over, thanks to translations: in the United States alone over a quarter of a million copies were speedily sold! The period—save for the earlier part, dealing with Madagascar—is that of the Battle of the Marne, when the spray of war fell on Paris; and of the days that followed, when the enemy were beaten back. Nothing could be better than the grimly realistic pen-pictures of the advancing hordes, the scenes in the village and the Castle of Villeblanche; nothing more true than the descriptions of Paris under the stress, or the characterisation of the Desnoyers and the rest. Well is the book titled: for did not the Four Horsemen precede the Beast?—And the first horseman appeared on a white horse. In his hand he carried a bow, and a crown was

given unto him. He was Conquest, according to some, the Plague according to others. He might be both at the same time. . . . From the broken seal leaped a flame-coloured steed. His rider brandished over his head an enormous sword. He was War. Peace fled from the world before his furious gallop; humanity was going to be exterminated. And when the third seal was broken. . . . St. John saw a black horse. He who mounted it held in his hand a scale in order to weigh the maintenance of mankind. He was Famine. . . . And there appeared a pale-coloured horse. His rider was called Death, and power was given him to destroy with the sword and with hunger and with death, and with the beasts of the earth. The four horsemen were beginning their mad, desolating course over the heads of terrified humanity." On another page we give an article describing the immense scale on which the film is being produced, involving a cost of £500,000 and an army of 12,000 performers, besides 500 other workers.



THE RESTORATION OF KING CARNIVAL AT NICE: THE

King Carnival XLIII, of a famous dynasty restored after an interval of seven years caused by the war, made his state entry into Nice on January 27. On the 30th there was a pageant of cars, cavalcades and masquerades, with a fête by day and night. The first Battle of Flowers took place on February 3; the second was arranged for the 7th; and the third is due on March 3 (Mi-Carême). Sunday, February 6, was the day of the Corso Carnavalesque, with a *grande retraite* at the Casino, where costumes of the

PHOTOGRAPH BY

FIRST POST-WAR REVIVAL OF THE FAMOUS FÊTE.

prescribed colours (Nice-blue and amber) were obligatory. The Burning of King Carnival was fixed for February 8, with fireworks and a torchlight procession. The Carnival season will close with a Grand Ball on March 31. The first corso (on January 30) was a great success, in spite of rain. Masks and confetti were much in evidence. One of the tribunes was occupied by the young daughters of Mr. Winston Churchill, who had arrived at Nice that day.

SPORT AND GENERAL.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

IT was in "THE SEEDS OF ENCHANTMENT" (Hutchinson; 8s. 6d. net), by Gilbert Frankau, that I heard at last the breezy note of the

reaction against the novel of Freudian analysis booming like a phrase given to the horns in dance-music by Stravinsky. Indeed, from one page of this remarkable story (certainly no imitation of "They Went," in which only the secular *décor* is romantic) the word "She" leapt significantly and set my thoughts winging back to the mysterious Africa of Rider Haggard, with its dim echoes of Phœnician culture and Egyptian art-magic. It was a final proof that romance had come round full-circle to what it had been, essentially, thirty years ago. Mr. Gilbert Frankau is the man to clinch a new bargain with the *credo quia incredibile* of that stark idealism which awards man a mastery over actions and things and emotions (even his own) such as not even the scientists dare dream of, though they say and sing

Poets of power must now themselves reveal
In epic iron and in lyric steel;
In every engine exquisite that sings
The soul's new empire over soul-less things.

His essays in the Byronic verse novel were not amiss, though a bit too opulent in detail—well, his gift was to some extent inherited from "Frank Danby"—and at times regrettably H. J. Byronic in their hard-won facetiousness. He came to himself, or nearly so, having "chucked" the Byrons for Kipling, when he sang of the "Guns" and their winged eyes in the air

Before, beyond, above her,
Their iron web is spun;
Flicked but unsnared we hover,
Edged planes against the sun;
Eyes in the air above his lair,
The hawks that guide the gun!

And now, after a successful experiment in the realism of trade, warfare, and marriage routine, he brings us the handful of magic beans taken from the cup-like palm of the mysterious girl, *Mélie*.

Indo-China is Mr. Frankau's land of high romance. He took the suggestion of his story from the drop-curtain in a theatre in Bangkok, the picture showing little men in yellow mail, fighting with the bow-and-arrow, hamstringing axe, and stabbing spear, and the white elephant of Siam panoplied in clanging brass. The action begins in Singapore and moves on to Cholon, where his wonderful trio get the magic beans; thus being led to Saigon, and thence plunging into the unknown land of Harinesia, beyond the city of Bu-ro, where, among the mountains, dwell the White Women, last descendants of the French aristocrats, of whom the tale runs "from Pak-naru to Hai-Dzvong, from Luang-Prabang to Buih-thuan, the tale the Red Karins tell to the Laos girls of Chieng-Mai, and Thibetan muleteers to the flower-foot maidens in the tea-gardens of I-bong." Thus he splashes on the colours and odours of the East with the lavish and reckless brush of father papering the parlour in the music-hall ditty. As fair and futile as the Elohim invented by Mr. H. G. Wells to people the upper world a quarter-of-a-million years hence, are the Flower-Folk who have found a diet that delivers man from the tyrannies of toil, from hard-fighting, from the lusts of the flesh—from all that makes man a dreadful angel in Love and War. Sweet and frail and of a cleanly wantonness are Pâquerette, Pivoine, and Safroné, who fall asleep in the arms of the three European adventurers as flowers droop and close at twilight. It is the day-dream of Pacifism come true, and it fulfils

the vague hopes of Cyprian Beamish, M.D., Glasgow, who is "befuddled with study of the Higher Futilities; of Internationalism; Communism; Collectivism, Syndicalism, Karl-Marxism, Guild-State-Christian and other Socialism," and so on for the rest of the catalogue. But the little yellow men, the man-pack that had so often terrified both West and East, break the dream to seize the white and wondrous flower-maidens, and the reckless valour of the three adventurers cannot prevent Floralia from experiencing humiliation worse than death, for all its drugged weaklings become the prey of unspeakable lust. It is a fine, furious fantasy, and in spite of excesses of style which even my Charenton lunatic uttered his warning against—

Il faut toujours avoir soin
De ne pas danser devant le buffet,
it grips the imagination from start to finish. It

But he ceases to exist for me (and for all others with red blood in them) when, over the dead body of his murdered father, he parleys with the murderer in a spirit of sweet reasonableness. Euthyphro's priggishness was simple and tame in comparison. Murder is murder—even when the purpose is political, as in Ireland. And force is the final argument; as is conceded by those who insist that a majority should have its own way (because, if it came to a fight, numbers would prevail . . . there is no other reason why) or by the Bolsheviks, who think a determined minority may do what it can.

I like Mr. Maurice Hewlett's mediæval romances and prose sagas, and, in spite of its indefatigable *bergerie*, or perhaps because of it, some of his poetry even. But his novels of modern life are spoilt for me by a certain cultured knowingness, added to a flavour of preciousity, and "MAINWARING" (Collins Sons; 7s. 6d. net) is no exception to the rule. Mainwaring, the Irish adventurer who climbs to prominence and a moment of power on the backs of discontented working men, is a credible and creditable invention. It is easy to believe that a creature of such explosive temperament would be destroyed, body and soul, by an unlucky love-affair with a fair aristocrat whose business in life was to collect adorers. But the girl he marries and neglects remains a figment to the end. We are told that, "as is always the case with the real working-class, her manners were unembarrassed and simple. I find that the highest and the lowest are so—the highest, I suppose, because they don't care to be anything but themselves, the lowest because they don't dare. It is the middle-class which makes you uncomfortable because they can never be simple." Lizzy Mainwaring's simplicity takes the form of refusing to act as hostess at her husband's dinner parties, though she is quite willing to double the parts of parlour-maid and housemaid. Thus the confusion between *simplesse* and *simplicité*, which spoils so much "Georgian" poetry, is transferred to the sphere of conduct in fiction with even more disastrous effects. The young man who is supposed to tell the tale falls in love with Lizzy and she with him, and though they carry on with unflinching delicacy, kisses being withheld at moments of at-onement (provocatively—for the reader) yet they "carry on" in the ordinary triangular



AUTHOR OF THE MOST WIDELY READ WAR NOVEL, "THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE," TO BE PRODUCED IN A FILM VERSION: SEÑOR VICENTE BLASCO IBANEZ.

Señor Ibañez, the famous Spanish novelist, has had a wonderful success with his war story, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," which has had a record sale in the United States and France, and is being filmed (as described and illustrated elsewhere in this number) at a cost of £500,000. He is planning an extended lecture tour in America. Señor Ibañez was born in 1866, and his present home is in Paris. His other books include "The Shadow of the Cathedral" ("La Catedral") and "The Matador" ("Sangre y arena"—Blood and Sand). Many of his works are attacks on established institutions.

By Courtesy of the "World's Work."

will be interesting to compare and contrast it with the new Haggard novel expected in the spring.

Two other new novels of power and insight, in both of which social change and what one of them calls "period psychology" are leading motives, have already appeared thus early in the year. "PRIVILEGE" (Constable; 8s. 6d. net), by Michael Sadleir, son of the famous educationist, (to whose surname he has added an "i," perhaps as a sign of a more insistent *ego*), is the better of the two, for it creates character and tells a story as well as working out a political problem. Mr. Sadleir's Barbara lives, and lives in an emotional atmosphere, which is more than can be said for the pale and tearful Angela in "REVOLUTION" (Collins; 7s. 6d. net), by Mr. J. D. Beresford, which will be a little disappointing to his many admirers. Paul, the hero of "Revolution," is a sufferer from the *malaise* of modern Intellectualism, who tries to play the man of action, in futile fashion, when a Soviet is set up in his village.

fashion. And now you know what I mean by cultured knowingness! Moreover, if Mr. Hewlett really knew the real working-class—if he had worked with them as I have done and become closely acquainted with their womenfolk, whose class distinctions, following wage differences, often have the rigidity of a caste system—he would not have been guilty of that too popular form of snobbishness which imputes a perfect courtesy to all who toil with their hands and denies it to brain-workers. The plain truth is that the further you descend in the social scale, the less comfortable is the deportment of the people you meet. It is pleasant to take refuge from such works of sensibility as Mr. Hewlett's novel in "BANNERTON'S AGENCY" (Methuen; 7s. 6d. net), by W. Pett Ridge, who knows the working-class and what is sometimes called the "black-coated proletariat" by heart. His Tom Bannerton, a weak and untrustworthy young man finally coerced into decency by a pretty, masterful wife, is a pleasing creation.



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Needless to say, she *did* make it a good shot after that reminder. A hundred of “the only

cigarettes”—it is a prize worth winning. And when the game is over, what joy to open the fresh box—the little treasure-casket of those mellow golden Virginias. How delightful to sit together and watch the delicious aromatic smoke of the two Kenilworths curling up and mixing . . . in little lazy puffs . . .

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

HUMAN INSTINCTS AND EDUCATION.

IN a recent address Professor John Adams, of the London University, suggested that education might be rendered easier, and more fruitful of results, if it were directed towards "manipulating the instincts" through the "emotions." He who essays this task, however, will find himself treading a very thorny path. For, in the first place, opinions, even among the elect, are very much divided as to what we mean by "instinct."

The rendering of the term given by Professor Lloyd Morgan, our greatest authority on the subject, is the most generally accepted. According to him, instinct, or "instinctive behaviour," is "that which is, on its first occurrence, independent of prior experience; which tends to the well-being of the individual and the preservation of the race; which is similarly performed by all the members of the same more or less restricted group of animals; and which may be subject to subsequent modification under the guidance of experience." The term "instinct" in regard to human behaviour is commonly very variously and loosely applied. And this because, in the first place, it is very difficult to say how much in human behaviour is due to "instinct," and, in the second, few people have ever stopped to consider what is meant by "instinct" in creatures whose behaviour is largely due to the functions of instinct.

I once had a magpie which afforded me an exceptionally good opportunity of discovering what is meant by "instinctive behaviour." This bird I reared from the nest. It came to me before its eyes had opened, for it was but a few days old. Yet, when it grew up, it uttered all the cries characteristic of its species, though, reared in a London flat, it could never have heard the cries of its species. It developed all the thievish ways of the magpie. Similarly, it would hide all its surplus food after the fashion of its tribe, even though it had to secrete its dainty morsels under a piece of old newspaper placed in the bottom of its cage instead of in the earth. It learned to fly "instinctively." I well

remember the day when we gave "Piggles" his first bath. We stood him in a large dish of water in the middle of the kitchen floor. He stood there for a moment, evidently mystified. Then he bent down his head and tasted the water with the tip of his beak. The next moment he hopped out and appeared to contemplate this new experience. An instant after he rushed back, flopped down into the water, and with his wings sent it flying in all directions. Then he stepped out, shook himself, and plunged in again to

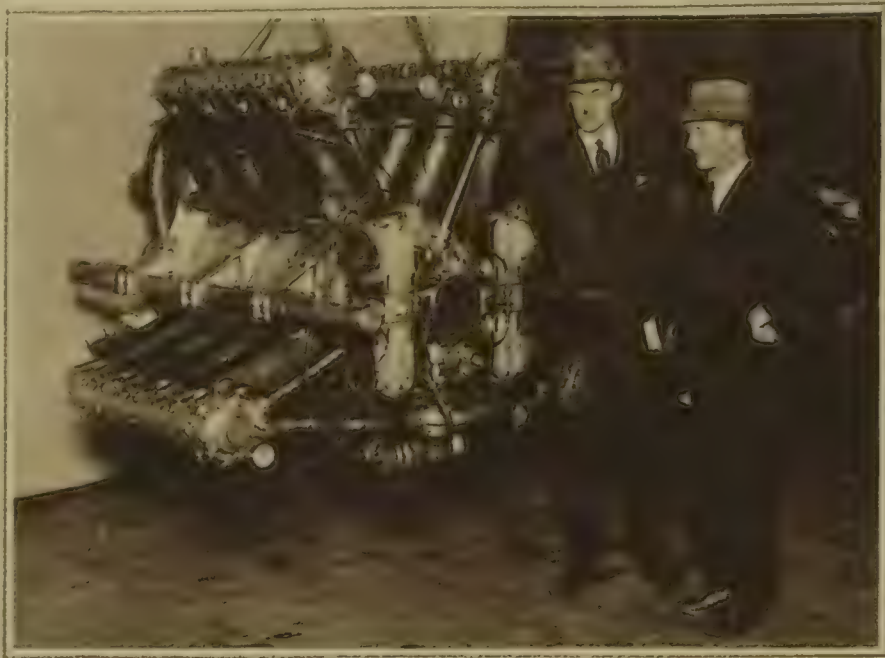
is the feeding of the young, for these are often fed upon a diet quite different from that of the parent. Instinct, not experience, guides the parents in their selection of food. And the same is true of the sanitation of the nest, where the parents stimulate defecation, and bear away the excrement.

The full-fed caterpillar which climbs up a twig, places a girdle round its body, or spins itself a cocoon, acts instinctively, performing the operation but once in its life, and without cognisance of its meaning.

But birds and beasts alike, it is to be remembered, in captivity can be trained or "educated" to perform feats which are not even remotely akin to "instinctive behaviour." Because we can find so many proofs of instinctive behaviour in the lower animals, it seems to be commonly assumed that man must be fashioned to respond to a like control.

In man instinct has been almost entirely superseded by the development of "reason." Such vestiges of instinct as remain to him have been subordinated to reason. His varying capacities for good or evil, his varying capacities for the performance of accomplishments such as playing the piano, painting pictures, or wrestling with the differential calculus, are due to inherent tendencies which are rarely transmissible in a like degree to his offspring. We are more likely to succeed in our educational experiments if we set ourselves to discover, as early as possible, what are the "innate tendencies" of the individual, and to develop these as far as possible, than to frame a scheme of education based on the assumption that we are "manipulating" primitive instincts common to the race.—W. P. PYCRAFT.

Travellers to and from the Continent will be interested to learn that six new Pullman cars have been added to the boat-train service of the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway. These cars represent the last word in comfort for railway travel. The furniture and decoration are tasteful and distinctive, and each car has a separate name. Those of the "parlour" type are called the Calais, the Milan, and the Padua; while the combined parlour and kitchen cars bear the names of Rosalind, Portia, and Palmyra. They are 65 feet long, and will hold 129 passengers.



THE HIGHEST-POWERED AERO ENGINE IN THE WORLD: THE NEW 1000-H.P. SIXTEEN-CYLINDER "CUB" AT THE NAPIER WORKS.

"The Cub," designed for Messrs. D. Napier and Son by Mr. J. Rowledge, is far the most powerful aeroplane engine yet built. It was made for the R.A.F., and cost about £1000. It weighs about nineteen hundredweight (nearly a ton) and has sixteen cylinders in four quadruple rows. Successfully tested on the bench recently, it developed 1052 h.p., and ran for twenty hours. It has not yet been tried in the air. Our photograph shows Mr. J. Ridington (left), Napier Works Manager, and Mr. D. E. Waddams, of the Napier Company.—[Photograph by Topical.]

repeat the process, till at last, wet and draggled beyond recognition, he managed to fly up on to the back of a chair to preen himself dry. He bathed after the fashion of magpies, in short, without any previous experience.

Among wild birds one finds many wonderful examples of instinctive behaviour associated with parental care. Nest-building is instinctive, and so



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Illustrated London News Nov. 6th 1920.

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LADIES' NEWS.

WE have their Majesties at Buckingham Palace once more. There are to be no Courts this side of Easter. It is probable, therefore, that when Parliament has been opened, the King and Queen will go into residence at Windsor for a while. The Royal Family all enjoy the Castle in the spring, and the King and Princess Mary take their daily rides in the Great Park. If, as it is said, their Majesties, the Prince of Wales, and Princess Mary are to be the guests next month of the Earl and Countess of Derby at Knowsley, and to be present at Aintree for the Grand National, it will be a crowded meeting indeed. Neither the Prince nor Princess Mary has ever, I believe, seen this great steeplechase, which would undoubtedly thrill two such good sport-lovers greatly.

There are times when graceful and pretty and moderately priced dressing is made remarkably convenient for us by a firm of such splendid reputation as Liberty's, Regent Street. In their celebrated Yoru crêpe, finished with hand-printed Tyrian silk, they give a choice of dresses ready to wear in three styles, and in sizes 13½, 14, and 14½ inch necks, at a uniform price of 57s. 6d. The styles are charming, and recently great improvements have been effected in the workmanship of these dresses, and the Tyrian silk makes a handsome and effective trimming. Some of the crêpe is in plain colour dark-blue, purple, brown, ash-grey, reseda, periwinkle blue, Wedgwood blue; others are in silky-looking mixtures—black-and-white, rose-and-white, cinnamon-and-white, lily-leaf-green-and-white, and plumbago-blue-and-white: all are very pretty.

Quite a handsome marine residence is Garron Tower, which has been inherited by Mr. Winston Churchill through his grandmother, the wife of the 7th Duke of Marlborough, who was aunt to the late Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest, to whom it passed in the first instance. Twenty years ago it was used as a hotel, having been leased for the purpose by a Larne man. It has lovely views and very big rooms, and proved a favourite holiday resort of people from Lancashire. It is a place that, used as a private residence (for which purpose it was built by the second wife of the third Marquess of Londonderry, who was a great heiress, and wished to employ the starving people of the district in the great famine year), would require a big revenue for its upkeep. The gardens are large and were excellent. Also it was, when a hotel, only in the barest habitable repair, and a very large sum would have to be spent to bring it up to date and redecorate it. It is on the lovely coast road from Larne to Portrush, passing the Giant's Causeway, but is much nearer to Larne. Not far off are the beautiful falls of Glenariff in the Antrim Glens. There was a little golf course in the grounds when last I saw it, but much in

the rough. As a hotel with some capital expended it would probably yield a fair income. There is some shooting on the



A PRETTY HOUSE DRESS.

Made of the celebrated Yoru crêpe, trimmed with hand-printed Tyrian silk, this dress, which comes from Liberty's, combines the artistic with the useful.

place, and in these motor transport days it is not out of the way of many places of interest and beauty spots in Antrim.

There are some extraordinary satin foulards, printed crêpes-de-Chine, and silk brochés ready for the West End. I have seen a few dozen of them in the piece, and my eyes ache when I think of them. The colours are bright, the designs bold and big; altogether they are striking materials—how they will strike British women I cannot prognosticate. Personally, I should feel like a perambulating poster arrayed in any one of them. These feelings I had to disguise from the courteous man who showed them to me, and who was manifestly as proud as a peacock with them. British girls have made considerable excursions into colour during the past season; but women who have the reputation for dressing really well distrust vivid hues gravely.

There are royal residents again at Esher in the persons of Prince and Princess Alfonse of Orleans, who are living there in order to be near their three young sons, whose education is to be thoroughly English. Princess Alfonse was born at Eastwell Park, being the youngest daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh. She is very pretty, petite, and high-spirited; and made a run-away marriage with Prince Alfonse, who is a cousin of the King of Spain. Part of their honeymoon was spent on Brownsea Island, placed at their disposal by Mrs. Charles Van Raalte. Their matrimonial escapade was soon forgiven, and for some time they lived in Madrid. Princess Alfonse loves England, and loves her boys; she always said that she hoped, if she had children, they would all be boys. Hers are fine little fellows.

The Prince of Wales seems to be in for a busy life again, having made many engagements. It is, however, his intention to get in as much hunting as possible. His Royal Highness likes going with various packs over different country; but it is said that so far he has found nothing that suits him better in every way than the Pytchley. He has no present wish to take permanent hunting quarters. The King and the Prince are, I am now told, certainly going to see the Grand National; the Queen and Princess Mary's plans are not yet fixed. Knowsley is a splendid place run in a grand way. Lord Derby long had a gentleman comptroller of his household. Major Milner, who married the late Caroline Duchess of Montrose when she had been a widow for some years, has filled the position for some time. He was, of course, serving in the war, as he had also served in the South African campaign, but is back at his post now, to the great satisfaction of all concerned. A. E. L.

Egyptologists will doubtless have noticed that one of the photographs of excavations at Tell-el-Amarna given in our last issue (Feb. 5)—that showing the forehall of a tomb—was printed upside down, a fact that might not be evident to the casual observer. It was an unfortunate oversight, and we draw the attention of our readers to the mistake at the earliest possible moment.

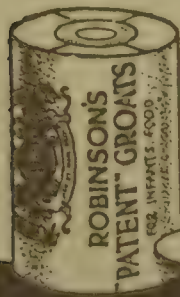


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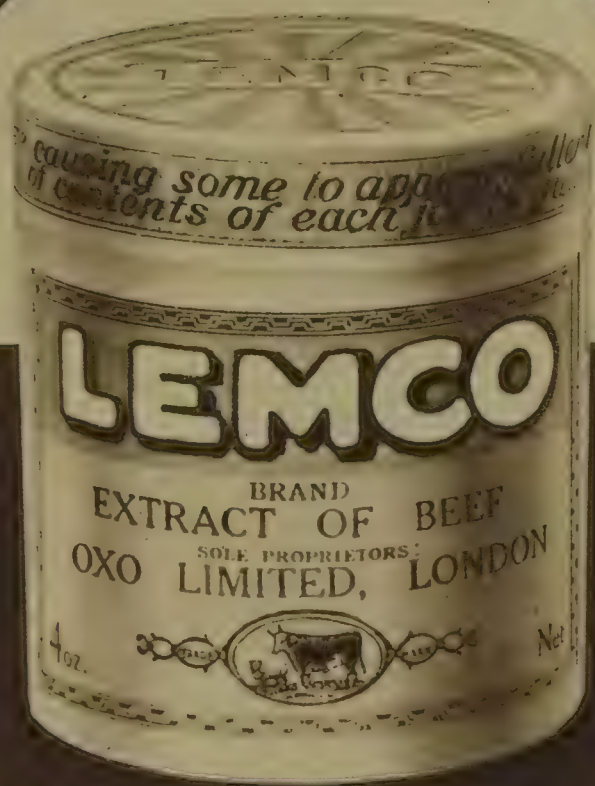
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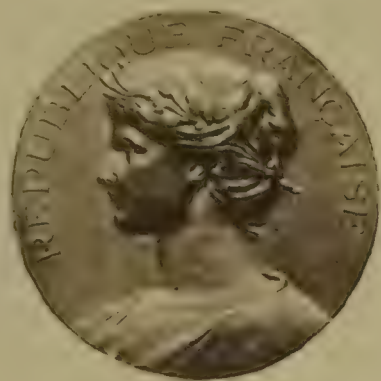
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OUR FRIENDS IN FRANCE.

A LETTER FROM AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN PARIS.

Paris.

"*UN accord parfait des Alliés*" is a very reassuring headline in a leading French newspaper to-day, and one which heralds a pæan of praise of British statesmanship—very pleasant reading to us Britishers this side of the Channel after months of rather bitter comments upon the general policy of Great Britain. Through a week of extraordinary tension we emerged into the smooth waters of an *accord parfait*, to find the *Entente* once more a real and living thing.

In order to understand really what the question of reparations means to this country, one has only to talk to a *bourgeois* family, as I did a few days ago, and hear them tell, in simple language, calmly and without exaggeration, of their ruined home and mill in Roubaix, of the stolen machines, irreplaceable in these days, of the damage to property assessed by Government experts at nearly a million francs. Of the five years of war and consequent privations nothing is said, "but we have had nearly two years' Peace and still not a franc of the indemnity has been paid; in the meantime one has to live." I take this case because I happen to know of it first hand, but multiply it a hundredfold, nay, a thousandfold, if you like, then you will begin to understand the feeling of this country, the feeling of despair at the endless delays in bringing Germany to book.

It would be impossible to exaggerate the effect that this unanimous decision of the Allies has had on the French people: already there is an atmosphere of fresh hope, a stimulus to work which has been painfully absent for many months. The success of the Conference, too, has assured to M. Briand and his Cabinet a continuance of the confidence of the people.

After a delay of nearly two-and-a-half months, the remains of the "Unknown Poilu" have at last been laid in their permanent resting-place, amid an

impressive ceremony surrounded by all the panoply that officialdom could provide. There is something characteristic of the French nation in this delay—the inability to conclude any plan at once, even though unanimously agreed upon and in circumstances where there would seem to be no hindrance to its completion. Yet the instinct of the Frenchman is invariably to procrastinate, and endless delays ensued.

When the coffin containing the remains of the Unknown Warrior was first placed "temporarily" beneath one of the arches of the Arc de Triomphe, it was deemed even unnecessary to rail off the en-



THE FIRST TEST MATCH, BEFORE A HUGE AUSTRALIAN CROWD: GREGORY, "ABOUT THE FASTEST BOWLER NOW PLAYING CRICKET," BOWLING TO HOBBS.

Writing (from Melbourne) to the "Star" the other day, J. B. Hobbs, the great English batsman, said: "The First Test Match . . . Australia won by 377 runs. The game took five days to play; the aggregate score was 1319, with an average of roughly 264 runs a day. The outstanding feature was the magnificent innings of Warwick Armstrong, who scored 158. Gregory is about the fastest bowler now playing cricket, and, mark you, a very fine bowler. I have heard all sorts of remarks made about the manner in which he makes a ball 'kick,' but with his stature and the height of his delivery, how can he avoid making a ball get up?"—[Photograph by Central Press.]

closure, since it was only for a few days. Eventually the Press took the matter up. The authorities were urged to make the final arrangements, so that the Allied Premiers could assist at the culminating ceremony during their sojourn in Paris. As for the decorations, the highest grade of the Légion d'Honneur, the Croix de Guerre, and the Médaille Militaire were placed on the coffin, as a tardy recognition of service rendered to *La Patrie*. Thus all parties were satisfied; all sensibilities soothed. "*Requiescat in pace.*"

AN EX-CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER ON NATIONAL FINANCE.

MR. MCKENNA'S GREAT SPEECH AT THE MEETING OF THE LONDON JOINT CITY AND MIDLAND BANK.

THE Right Hon. Reginald McKenna's speech as Chairman of the London Joint City and Midland Bank, Ltd., at its recent General Meeting, was far more than an ordinary statement of the domestic affairs of a great banking house. It was a masterly review of the nation's financial and economic position,

and a forecast of the policy needed to restore our pre-war commercial prosperity. Mr. McKenna, of course, has himself been in charge of the national purse, as Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1915-16, and his words, therefore, carry great weight, and have aroused world-wide interest. The great need of Europe, he pointed out, is peace. The various Governments have not yet accepted its conditions. Once they do so, "paper currency will cease, the exchanges will be stable, confidence will revive, and full employment will follow. "Our financial policy," he said, "should be one which will stimulate production and trade. . . . The only condition under which forty-seven millions of people can live in these islands . . . at all, is that our out-put should be up to the highest level of our industrial capacity, and that the surplus of goods which we do not consume ourselves should be freely exchanged for the imported food and raw materials which are essential to our existence."

Regarding the London Joint City and Midland Bank itself, of whose annual report he gave a lucid and encouraging account, Mr. McKenna said that the management's guiding principles were to keep the bank strong and to help the country's trade and industry. "Our balance-sheet," he said, "indicates not only exceptional strength and liquidity, but also gives proof of the great effort the bank has made to meet the legitimate demands of customers."

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to taste, good to eat, and
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She Approaches Motherhood

AND now is the time most of all when she must guard against Pyorrhea—or those pretty white teeth will loosen, her firm pink gums soften and inflame, and perhaps Pyorrhea's infecting germs will bring a train of other ills.

Medical science has discovered that certain changes take place in the organic secretions of women approaching maternity—changes that make them susceptible to Pyorrhea.

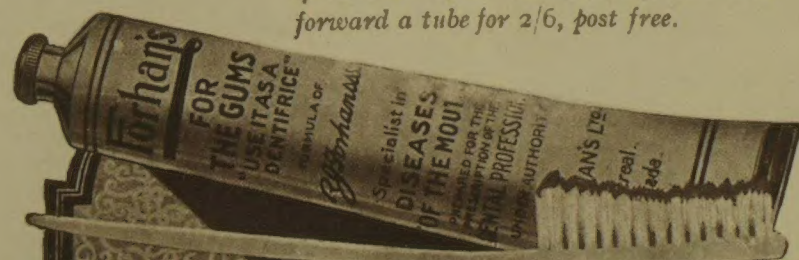
The prospective mother may end Pyorrhea troubles before they begin. Let her start to use Forhan's For the Gums to-day. It will prevent the disease if used in time, and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums hard and healthy—the teeth white and clean.

How to use Forhan's

Use it twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water, place a half-inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth up and down. Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger instead of the brush. If gum shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

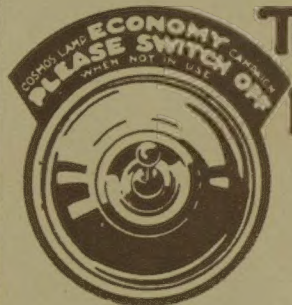
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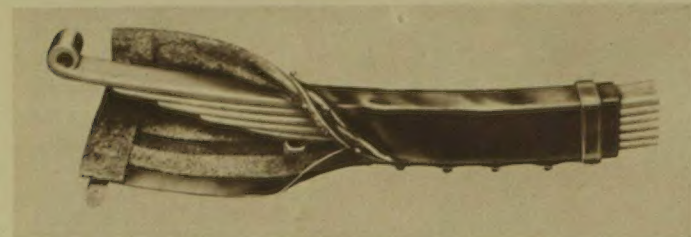
Advertisement of Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Co., Ltd., Manchester.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Licensing Chaos. Before the end of last year—as soon as it became apparent that the Ministry of Transport intended to rush the Roads Bill through Parliament before the Christmas recess—it was obvious that there must be a breakdown of the arrangements for the issue of motor-car licenses. It was pointed out by responsible people that it would serve all reasonable purposes if the new duties were collected in the ordinary way, leaving the details of

to complete the issue. It will be observed that, in this case, there is no talk of a "concession" to the motorist—nothing but an implied admission of failure.

Stupid Methods. If the average official were capable of thinking in business-like terms, there would have been no occasion for all the chaos that exists. The L.C.C. is an exception to the general rule and has done well. One can go to the issuing office in London, pay the tax, and be handed the license over the counter. The registration book, being a somewhat complicated document, is not issued at the time, but comes by post later on. There may be other authorities equally alive to what is undoubtedly the best way of dealing with matters, but most do not appear to have even thought about this method. What happens in most cases is that the car-owner attends at the licensing office and pays his tax. Instead of the license being filled in and handed over at once, he receives a form of receipt for his money with the intimation



FOR KEEPING CAR-SPRINGS LUBRICATED: THE "DUCO" SPRING GAITER.

The photograph shows how grease is retained by felt pads for the lubrication of the springs

licensing and registration for more mature consideration than was possible in the time allotted to them. As usual, the Minister of Transport refused to listen to the voice of reason, and the Roads Bill was pushed through, with the aid of the big stick, and the inevitable result has followed. The licensing authorities are hopelessly in arrears with their work. Some of the County Councils are quite ten thousand issues behind, and there seems to be no reasonable prospect of these arrears being overtaken by the end of the present month. The authorities have been driven into a most undignified position in consequence of this lack of foresight. Before the end of last year the Minister of Transport announced that, in order to give the motorist time to get used to the new regulations, it had been decided not to enforce the carrying of the license on cars until February 1. The date has passed, and the greater proportion of cars one sees on the roads do not display the objectionable badge, for the very good and sufficient reason that their owners have not been able to obtain it. They have paid their taxes, but there is "nothing doing" in the issue of the license and registration book. So it is announced that the police have had instructions not to enforce too literally the regulations in connection with the display of the license until such time as the county and county borough councils have been able

that the documents of the case will be sent on later. It does not seem to have occurred to the brilliant intellects responsible that it is just as easy to fill in the license as to write out a receipt, and that by so doing, time—and therefore money—could be saved; while the letter of the law would be observed by the motorist, and there would be no need to confess that the organisation has broken down—as undoubtedly it has. The more one regards the situation, the more the conviction grows that the purpose of the license, etc., is not, as the Minister of Transport claims, to safeguard the motorist against the theft of his car, but to ensure that the Government gets his money down on the nail. If anything more were needed to show the utter futility of

bureaucratic methods, it is the working of the new motor licensing scheme. W. W.

"Whitaker's Almanack" for 1921, now in its fifty-third year, contains various new features and extensions which add to the value of this indispensable work. The chief additions include a key to the surnames of Peers and to courtesy titles, a table of Administrations from 1804 to 1920, fresh sporting records, historical sketches of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, and accounts of the principal cities of Great Britain. The geographical section contains new articles on a number of countries—such as Russia, Palestine, Mesopotamia, Kenya, Egypt, and others—whose conditions have been greatly changed since the war. The new "Whitaker" is printed on paper of pre-war quality, the price of which has risen from £18 a ton in 1914 to £88 a ton. The price of the book (paper cover, 3s. net; cloth, 7s. 6d. net) has consequently increased, but not in the same proportion.



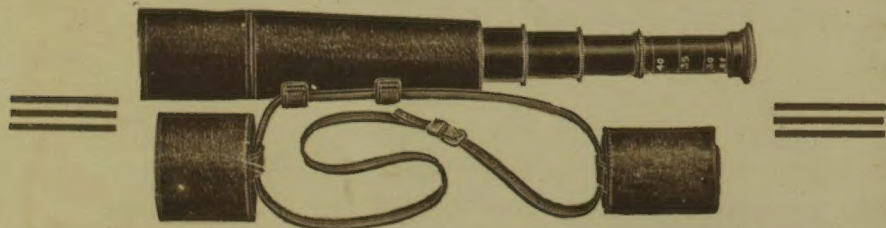
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Regularly, each week-end, enter your hall-door behind a Family Tin of this full-of-food sweetmeat made from lots and lots of very good things. Mackintosh's Toffee-de-Luxe is made in the following varieties: Plain, Peppermint, Treacle, Cocoa, Coconut, or all Assorted. Sold loose by weight and in 1/2 lb., 1 lb. and 4 lb. Family Tins by Confectioners everywhere at 9d. per 1/2 lb.

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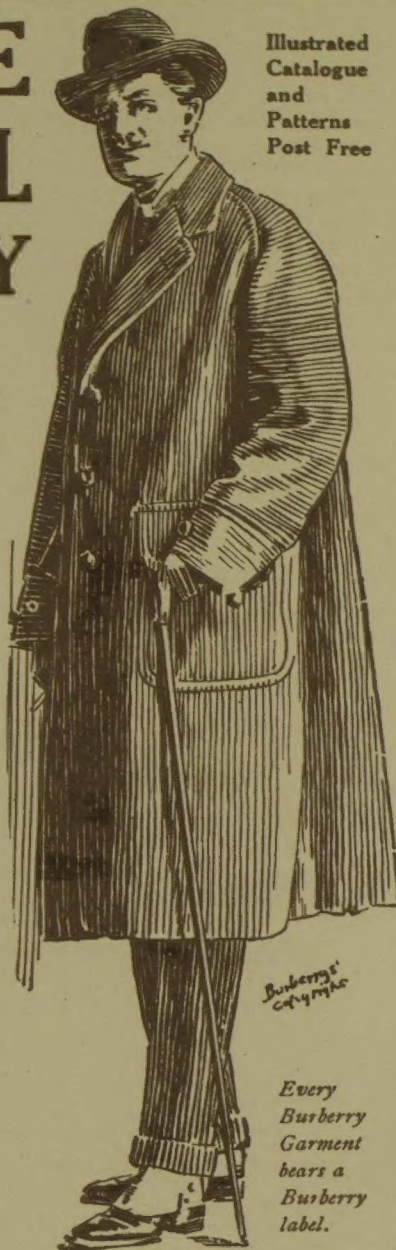
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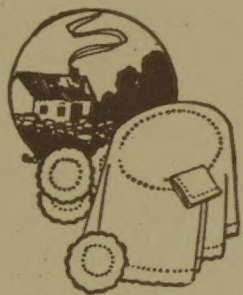
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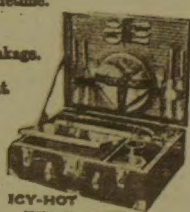
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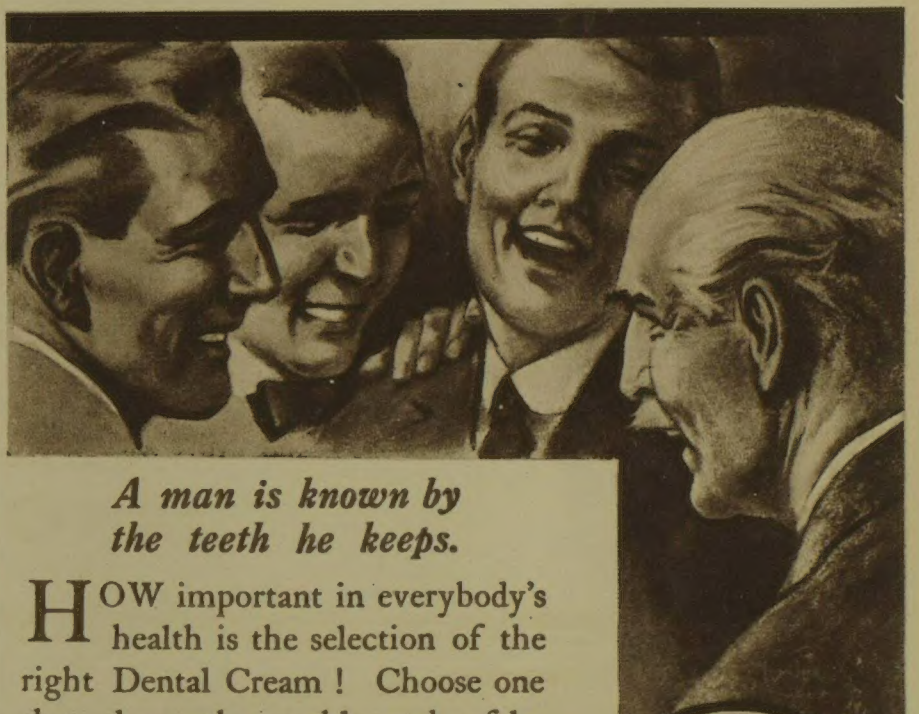
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE TEMPEST," AT THE ALDWYCH.

THERE was magic on Prospero's island, and it is this quality which Miss Viola Tree aims at bringing out in her Aldwych presentation of "The Tempest." But she has also engaged Mr. Louis Calvert as "producer," and it looks as if he had different ideas. And there are similar differences in the artistic methods of the players. One is certainly conscious of a lack of harmony in the interpretation. The Prospero of Mr. Henry Ainley realises that he is speaking poetry, but, with all his dignity and charm of intonation, is too caressing and gentle with his Ariel and lacks forcefulness in his treatment of Caliban. The Miranda of Miss Joyce Carey—a joy to the eye, an incarnation of girlish innocence—misses at times the music of her lines. Mr. Lister's Ferdinand, on the other hand, was a trifle too effeminate. The Stephano of Mr. Ambrose Manning and the Trinculo of Mr. Hatherton are on the right lines; but Mr. Louis Calvert, strangely enough, makes Caliban altogether too refined and unbarbaric a monster. Miss Winifred Barnes, a plump and even coquettish Ariel, sings sweetly, if hardly at home in

blank verse; and the Juno of Miss Tree has the right air and gait of majesty.

"HANKY PANKY JOHN," AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

A good breezy farce based on perfectly innocent materials is too rare a thing not to be welcomed with gratitude and enthusiasm. Mr. Basil Macdonald Hastings supplies us with that rarity at the Playhouse in his deliriously funny story of "Hanky Panky John." It is a farce of self-sacrifice in which you see some ten or more persons each confessing to theft to shield somebody else, and in which the mystery of "Who stole the £100 note?" is kept most amusingly a mystery until the last possible moment. The joke on which all depends is spun out rather fine, but the author's inventiveness and high spirits are so unflagging in his variations on his theme that to the very end he keeps his audience roaring with laughter. A dozen clever players help Mr. Stanley Logan to keep the fun fast and furious, the happiest performances, perhaps, coming from Miss Kate Cutler and Mr. Weguelin.

SIR HARRY LAUDER AT THE PALACE.

A few words of greeting are due to Sir Harry Lauder, who returns to the Palace after his long absence in America and elsewhere, and contrives to hold the stage

for an hour and a half and leave it with his audience still asking for more. His gift of characterising every one of the Scottish types he presents in his turns has suffered no eclipse, there has been no coarsening of his art, and his new songs are as good as his old, whether in the vein of humour or of pathos. Of his novelties, the sentiment of his "Somebody Waiting for Me" was so much to his first-night hearers' liking that they quickly caught up the refrain; but they took just as heartily to his study of an old buck recalling the love triumphs of his youth. Their warmest welcome, however, was reserved for the familiar but still brilliantly acted "Safest of the Family."

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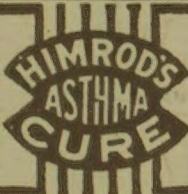
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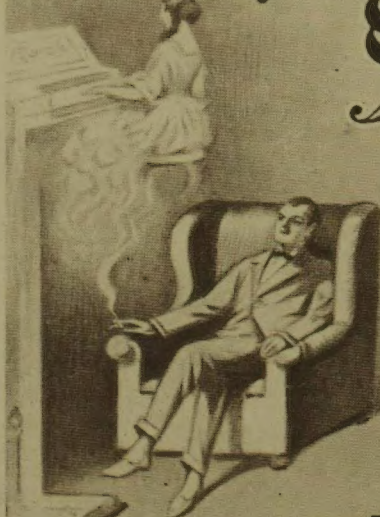
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